

# The Sketch



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MISS ST. CYR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## "OWEN HALL" AND "AN ARTIST'S MODEL."

Mr. "Owen Hall," who, by the extraordinary success of his epoch-marking piece, "A Gaiety Girl," has become quite a personage in the theatrical world of to-day, is a man of very marked individuality, which asserts itself with especial attractiveness in congenial company, for he has that frank, brusque geniality of manner, with an absolute fearlessness of speech, and a bright, alert wit, that can always induce those that "have free souls" to give them vent. He has the courage of his likings, and the audacity of his prejudices, as many a memorable newspaper article can testify, yet he is a man of many friends.

When he is not at his country place, near Windsor—a neighbour of Mr. George Edwardes—"Owen Hall" lives in an elegant house in Victoria Street, though at the present moment, while his new piece, "An Artist's Model," is in rehearsal at Daly's, it may almost be said that he lives in the theatre. He is there from morning till night, attending to the endless details of preparation. The other night, however, I was fortunate to find him at home, and comparatively at leisure, and our talk naturally made for "A Gaiety Girl" and "An Artist's Model."

"I drifted into this kind of work, I think, through living so near to George Edwardes," he said. "One night we were talking about one of his recent productions, and in one of those venturesome moments that the sight of easy success inspires, I declared I could write as good a piece, if not better, myself. Edwardes said, in his quiet way, 'So you shall—you shall write the next piece,' and I thought no more about it. Some months afterwards, however, he asked, to my amazement, how I was getting on with the piece I was writing for him. The result was that I set to work and wrote 'A Gaiety Girl'; and I don't think I have ever enjoyed anything so much in my life, as I love the atmosphere of the *coulisse*."

"And your new piece?" I asked.

"Will be of the same class of entertainment, only, I hope, an advance in quality. I do not believe the public wants to be wholly serious at the theatre, but to be lightly entertained and interested by an adequate story. It wants laughter, romance, and prettiness, not mere yawns and solemnity; and I firmly believe that in a few years' time no play will be accepted without songs and dances. Do you mean to say 'King Arthur' would not be much more popular if Irving had enlivened the romantic story with song and dance?"

"You are not serious?" I said.

"My dear Sir," said Owen Hall, "I was a dramatic critic for years, and that experience formed my taste. Now, I never by any chance go to a serious play. It bores me, and I only venture to say what thousands feel, but are ashamed to confess. But give them a piece to make them laugh, and see how they will rush to it again and again, even though a sense of social obligation may drag them once in a way to the Lyceum. No, a long course of play-going has taught me to like the piece in which the prominent motive is not sad; and in writing pieces to please the public, I feel that I am on the right track if I please myself."

"In writing 'An Artist's Model' you have tried only to please yourself?"

"I have taken my own taste—the taste of an ordinary man of the world—as my guide. If my taste is that of the majority, then 'An Artist's Model' will be as great a success as 'A Gaiety Girl.'"

"But I thought that the conditions under which pieces of this class were composed and produced rendered it impossible for an author to please himself."

"Not when a liberal and sympathetic manager, like George Edwardes, gives him an entirely free hand, as he has done in the case of 'An Artist's Model.' Having gained his confidence through the success of 'A Gaiety Girl,' he has not only allowed me to work out my own ideas as to the form and character of the piece, but he is supporting me with a wonderful company—absolutely the strongest he could engage—and a most lavish and tasteful production. In fact, he has not hampered or limited me in any particular, so that, if success is wanting, the fault will be entirely mine."

"Now, tell me your artistic aims in writing 'An Artist's Model.'"

"Well, my endeavour is to interest the public in a piece of a bright, entertaining kind, in which interesting characters move through a fairly strong and romantic story of modern actual life amid picturesque surroundings, with plenty of spontaneous fun and gaiety, naturally incidental to the story and its *milieu*."

"What about the songs and dances required in this order of piece?"

"Those I have introduced as naturally and dramatically as possible, allowing none for the mere sake of giving a 'variety' number, but making every song and dance belong properly to the story and advance the action of the piece. At the same time, I have made a bold departure, I think, in allotting no songs to the low comedian, in order to run no danger of having the symmetry of the piece spoiled by inappropriate fooling and illegitimate 'gags.' With rare exceptions, I have a horror of the conventional low comedian, and as one is obliged to write parts for low comedians, I have determined for the future to gag them instead of letting them 'gag.' In the present case, however, I am fortunate in having, instead of the usual buffoon actor of this class, so admirably comic an artist as Mr. Blakeley, but he will have plenty to do without singing. Eric Lewis and Miss Lottie Venne will sing the comic songs, and Miss Letty Lind will give you some dainty fantastic songs."

"There will, of course, be plenty of good songs?"

"Oh, yes. Harry Greenbank, whom I consider the best writer of lyrics since Gilbert's early days, has written some capital numbers, and Sydney Jones, undoubtedly one of our most rising composers, has given them settings that I venture to think will be as popular as any in 'A Gaiety

Girl." George Edwardes gave me the choice of poet and composer, and I chose these collaborators in preference to any others."

"And what of the characters in the new piece?"

"Well, Hayden Coffin is to play a young artist in love with a wealthy young widow, Miss Marie Tempest, and those two may be said to represent the romantic interest. Miss Lottie Venne, as an English principal of a Parisian girls' school, will, together with Eric Lewis as an ambassador, and Lawrance D'Orsay as an English lord, stand for the chief comedy interest, while Miss Letty Lind will, as a school-girl who masquerades in boys' clothes, represent the spirit of fun and frolic. Then there are good parts for Yorke Stephens, Blakeley, Maurice Farkoa, Farren Soutar, Miss Nina Cadiz, Miss Leonora Braham, and Miss Studholme, whom I regard as a young actress of singular promise."

"And the scenes?"

"The scene of the first act will, I think, be novel, animated, and picturesque. It is an artist's studio in Paris, with all the students at work, drawing from the life, and painting and posing their models—the chief model, by the way, being Miss Hetty Hamer. I am sure nothing of the kind has been seen on the English stage, and we are endeavouring to invest it all with a sense of actuality. The second scene will show a ball at an English country seat, and this will introduce some very lovely costumes and brilliant uniforms. I may say that George Edwardes has spent fabulous sums on the costumes, and James Tanner, to whom I am much indebted for invaluable help in the construction of the piece, is showing these costumes off to fine advantage by his admirable stage-management. Tanner has actually been spending a week in Paris, visiting the most important studios in search of local colour. Now I think I have told you all that is needful to say about 'An Artist's Model,' except that, in writing it, I have aimed at a more refined tone than is found in most pieces of this class, and I do not think there is a single word in it that could corrupt even a Licensor of Plays. It is all as pure as Pigott."

"You do not approve of the Censorship, I fancy?"

"I don't understand it," was the reply. "The public is your true censor; nothing that is improper escapes its instant censure; what the public says is wrong, *is* wrong, and out it goes at once from any piece of mine. The public it is we cater for, and its pleasure is our law. Pieces like these involve considerable commercial enterprise, as may be imagined when I tell you that 'A Gaiety Girl,' before it is finished, will have taken a quarter of a million pounds from the public. Naturally, then, to please the public is my first consideration."

"Are you engaged on any other dramatic work besides 'An Artist's Model'?" I asked.

"Yes, I am doing a piece, in collaboration with my friend Tanner, for Miss Cissy Grahame to play on tour, and then, according to contract, to produce in London within eighteen months."

"And afterwards?"

"I have agreed to write the successor to 'An Artist's Model' for George Edwardes."

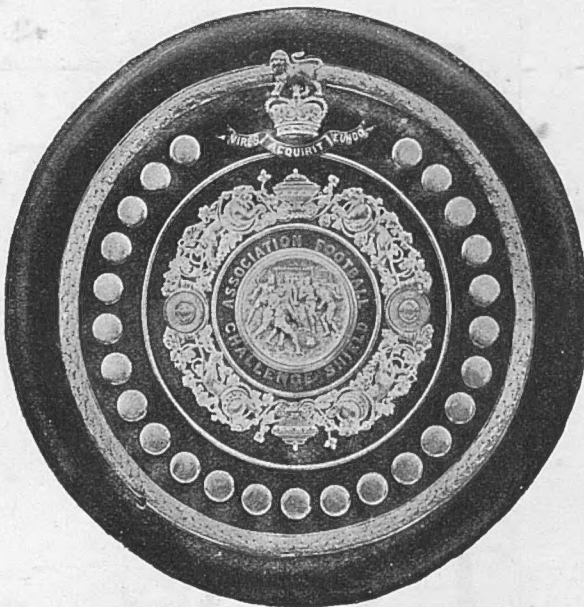
"Now, tell me, frankly, do you feel that you are revolving in a cycle of masterpieces, Mr. Hall?"

"Why, do I look it?"

S.

## THE SOLDIER AS A FOOTBALLER.

Mr. Kipling ought to write a new "Barrack-Room Ballad" which would deal with Tommy Atkins as a footballer. Nowhere, perhaps, does the man in the ranks meet his superior on such familiar ground as in the football field, for officers are as keen on the game as the men,



and frequently are to be found in the men's teams. They become enthusiastic before they actually become attached to active service. Thus the Royal Military College at Sandhurst has two teams, of Rugby and Association. Two shields have just been designed in silver and bronze by Messrs. Mappin and Webb for the teams, and here is reproduced the one for the Association team.



*The First Number READY FEB. 4.*

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(Limited), 89, Strand, London, for CATALOGUE, POST FREE.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN TO-DAY, and CLOSE on or before THURSDAY,  
Jan. 31, 1895.

The following information was received by cable on Jan. 9: "Estimate of ore in sight,  
10,000 tons, which will average 3 oz. to the ton."

The WEST AUSTRALIAN MINE OWNERS' EXPLORATION SYNDICATE, Limited,  
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376 (24 acres), Coolgardie Goldfields, Western Australia. Capital, £75,000, in 75,000 Shares  
of £1 each, of which 25,000 are taken by the Vendor in part payment for the property, and the  
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#### ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This company is formed to acquire and work "The King Solomon's Gold Mines," two claims  
comprising 24 acres, and numbered 82 and 376, situated 300 yards from Coolgardie township, in the  
colony of Western Australia, and in close proximity (about a quarter of a mile) to "Bayley's  
Heward" claim.

Particular care has been taken to ascertain the value of this property, and it has been reported  
on by Mr. C. E. Watkins, C.E., M.E., L.S., Manager of "The Big Blow" Gold Mining Company,  
and Mr. T. E. Warn, M.E., Manager of "The Coolgardie and Dundas" Gold Mining Company,  
and Manager and Director of "The Great Republic" Gold Mining Company. The full reports, as  
well as copy of information furnished by Mr. Read, of Perth, well known as an authority on mines,  
accompany the Prospectus.

Special attention is drawn to the following features—

The amount of development work done on the property, one shaft on Dec. 3 being down  
127 ft. 6 in.

The plentiful supply of suitable water struck at a depth of 120 ft., and rapidly increasing as  
depth is attained. This supply will materially affect and considerably reduce the cost of working,  
as it will enable the battery to be placed in close proximity to the reef. This fact makes this  
particular property exceptionally valuable.

The latest telegram received from Mr. Read estimates the ore now in sight as 10,000 tons, which  
will average 3 oz. of gold to the ton; this, at only £3 15s. per ounce, would realise £112,500.

The lode formation at main shaft has been proved for over 20 ft. wide, carrying gold all  
through.

The property is at present being developed under the direction of Mr. Read. The Manager  
reports as follows:—

Nov. 26.—"Since my last, have sunk the main shaft 3 ft., total 124 ft. 6 in., still in hard Diorite,  
highly mineralised. If the water keeps increasing, as it has done the last few days, we will be  
able to start crushing in three or four weeks. You are aware there is a 2-head battery with a  
4-H.P. engine on the claim."

Dec. 3.—"Since last report have sunk the main shaft 3 ft., total 127 ft. 6 in. No. 2 shaft  
driven 4 ft. 6 in., total 69 ft. 6 in. Passed through several quartz leaders, all carrying fine gold.  
Expect to strike the reef within a few weeks."

Dec. 12.—"Main shaft now down 130 feet. Water increasing as sinking is continued, and we  
have now thousands of tons of payable stuff which could be raised for treatment. All we require  
is a 10-head battery and good supply of water. It is necessary now to continually bale, in order to  
keep the water below the timber in the shaft."

Dec. 21.—"Since writing the above, they have had over an inch of rain at Coolgardie, with the  
result that the dam at King Solomon's was filled to overflowing."

For particulars of contracts see full prospectus.

The Vendors have fixed the price to be paid for the property at £55,000, payable as follows:  
(1) £5500 in cash; (2) £24,500 in cash or fully-paid Shares, or partly in cash, and partly in fully-  
paid Shares, at the option of the Directors; and (3) £25,000 in fully-paid Shares.

## A CHAT WITH THE EDITOR OF THE "ALBUM."

There is a good deal of mystery about this Editor. I mounted a  
staircase not unknown to me; I crossed a bridge that was tolerably  
familiar; I passed along a corridor and into a room which were full of  
associations. But the Editor—who was he? And—a question even  
more to the purpose—where was he? I saw nothing but a tall screen.

"Sorry to intrude on this severe privacy," I began, when a voice,  
struggling apparently to find some novel accents, invited me to be seated.

"This seclusion is quite Celestial," I said. "The Emperor of China,  
I have heard, when he gives audience, sits behind a screen. Perhaps you  
are a connection of his? Have I the honour to address the First Cousin  
of the Milky Way?"

"The fact is," was the reply, "I have decided that the Editor of  
the *Album* shall be heard and not seen."

"Quite a new feature?"

"Yes. Besides, I want you to understand that he is distinct from  
another Editor you may have met here. He is material—I am a voice."

"His disembodied spirit, so to speak?"

"Exactly. Now, what do you wish to know?"

"Well, the Universe is agitated about the *Album*. Is it presuming  
too much to infer from the name that you are meditating something in  
connection with photographs?"

"That is a pretty dim idea of it," said the Voice, with a satirical  
inflection. "You will say that an album is a familiar thing. We don't  
lay any claim to absolute novelty. A paper called *The Sketch* has  
forestalled us."

"Then you consider *The Sketch* a pioneer in this business?"

"Certainly. What *The Sketch* has done, we propose to extend and  
systematise, with one important difference."

"Don't say you mean to leave out the 'principal boys'! Don't say  
you contemplate an *Album* without Letty!"

"The drama in the new paper will not be emphasised," said the  
Voice oracularly.

A deep sadness fell upon me, and, taking several photographs of  
leading ladies from the table, I apostrophised them, with tears—

"Shall I never see you in the *Album*, posed by your photographer  
on crescent moons, catching errant fancy in the toils of diaphanous  
draperies? Shall I never—"

"Oh, stop that snivelling!" cried the Voice. "I don't want an  
interviewer to flood the place with rhapsody about everything except the  
matter in hand. Now just favour me with your attention for a few  
moments, while I explain what can be done by photography and process  
work. At present an illustrated paper gives, at the most, three or four  
pages to a particular subject. Now I shall take a topic of the day, or a  
distinguished personage—a politician, painter, author, sculptor, musician,  
as the case may be—and give him, or the topic, sixteen pages of pictures."

"Is that all?"

"By no means. The *Album* every week will consist of two parts,  
sixteen pages each, after the plan of *The Sketch* and its supplement."

"*Toujours Sketch!*"

"My good man, will you try and concentrate your mind?"

"Yes; but, as a student of natural history, I am curious to know  
whether *The Sketch* is to be regarded as the parent bird, or as an  
inexhaustible chrysalis evolving countless butterflies?"

"Look here, if this interview is to go on, I will have no impertinent  
interruptions. What we do at the outset is to classify our subjects.  
Take our first number. Can you guess what it contains?"

"Well, the oyster panic—"

"Rubbish! Our first number appears on Feb. 4, and the event which  
is next in importance on that day is the opening of Parliament. So one  
section of the *Album* will be devoted to this, with appropriate articles and  
pictures; and the other section will contain portraits of beautiful children."

"My goodness, a baby show! You'll be besieged by fond mothers  
when this is noised abroad. Milford Lane will be blocked by perambulators.  
Have you seriously considered the responsibility of—?"

"That's one reason why I am intrenched behind a screen."

"No good if they bring scaling-ladders. Adventurous infants will  
topple over you, and the office will flow with milk and toffee. Well, what  
else have you in prospect?"

"Oh, the field is unlimited. We shall take painters, old and new  
masters, and illustrate their work. Sculpture will be treated in the same  
way. Beautiful studies of animal life will give us great scope. Moreover,  
we shall take the habitable globe and treat it more systematically  
than is done in the artistic portfolios which are so popular in America."

"How the local photographers and stationers will bless you! Think  
of the people who sell penholders containing peep-shows of the local  
monuments and beauties!"

"Think how posterity will bless me!" cried the Voice in tones of  
ecstasy. "Think of your great-grandchildren absorbed in the beautiful  
volumes of the *Album*, which will give them exquisite glimpses of their own  
and other lands! Why, Sir, the paper alone on which these pictures will  
be reproduced must send a thrill of joy through every artistic soul!"

At this moment some accident, probably the agitation of the speaker,  
overturned the screen, which fell with a crash, narrowly missing my  
skull; and then I beheld the astonishing spectacle of a shadowy figure  
seated in a chair, with a head which looked in faint outline like a camera  
fixing me with a luminous eye.

"Thank you," I gasped. "This interview is most interesting. I am  
sure the *Album* will be a prodigious success. And I have had enough  
natural history for one day. Good morning!"

L. F. A.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD R. CHURCHILL.

It was on a warm summer afternoon in 1885, when the sunshine streamed in through the coloured windows of the House of Commons, that Lord Randolph first impressed me as a statesman rather than a mere free-lance.



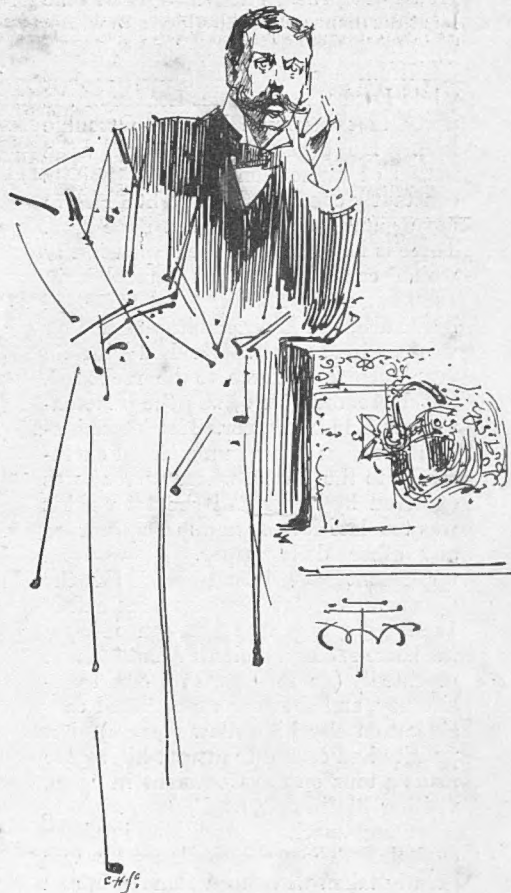
THE DEFEAT OF MR. GLADSTONE'S MINISTRY, 1885.

It was just prior to the defeat of the Liberal Government, and Mr. Gladstone's pale face was showing the strain of anxiety and weariness. During a speech from the Ministerial bench, Lord Randolph had been fidgeting with that excitement which always preceded his interposition in debate. At last he had his chance: it seemed as if the gas had been suddenly turned up; Members hurried in from the Lobbies, the Tea-room, the Terrace; the Prime Minister shifted his seat, so as to hear his critic to the best advantage; - and what had been deadly dull became lively and interesting. For the first three minutes the Member for Woodstock seemed ill at ease, and toyed nervously with his moustache; but soon he was encouraged by the hearty laugh which greeted his sallies to grow bolder in his attack. It was astonishing in audacity, but behind that audacity was a thorough grasp of the subject. Lord Randolph was not content to play

"the funny man"; he would spend hours, especially on a Sunday, over an important Blue-book, and on this occasion there were soon consultations

man a sincere respect, and the last occasion when they discussed the same subject there was a graceful interchange of compliments.

When the defeat of the Government took place a little while afterwards, Lord Randolph showed that he had not overgrown the impetuous school-boy by springing on the green bench and shouting his delight. Appointed Secretary of State for India in June, 1885, he astonished the officials by his interest and desire for knowledge during his brief *régime*, which lasted until January, 1886. He had undertaken a previous quixotic contest at Birmingham against John Bright, the contrast between the two men being summarised tersely in the phrase, "Dignity and Impudence." South Paddington provided him with a seat when defeated in the Midlands, and for that constituency he was Member till his death. To the delight of the "young bloods" of the Tory party, he was made Leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Salisbury's second Administration, which came into office in July, 1886. The next five months marked the highest water-mark of that tide in his affairs he had certainly taken at the flood. There is a story that John Bright called on Lord Beaconsfield a short while before the latter's death, and that, on leaving, Beaconsfield drew himself proudly up, and said: "Never mind; I have been Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer." Lord Randolph could adopt the latter part of the proud boast, with the addition that he had led the Commons at the age of thirty-seven.



CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, 1886.

The doings of the "Fourth Party" were not, in after life, regarded by Lord Randolph with any special pleasure. The queer conglomerate served its purpose; it had its day, and ceased to be. Hans Breitmann's query, "Where is dat Barty now?" may well be applied to the curious

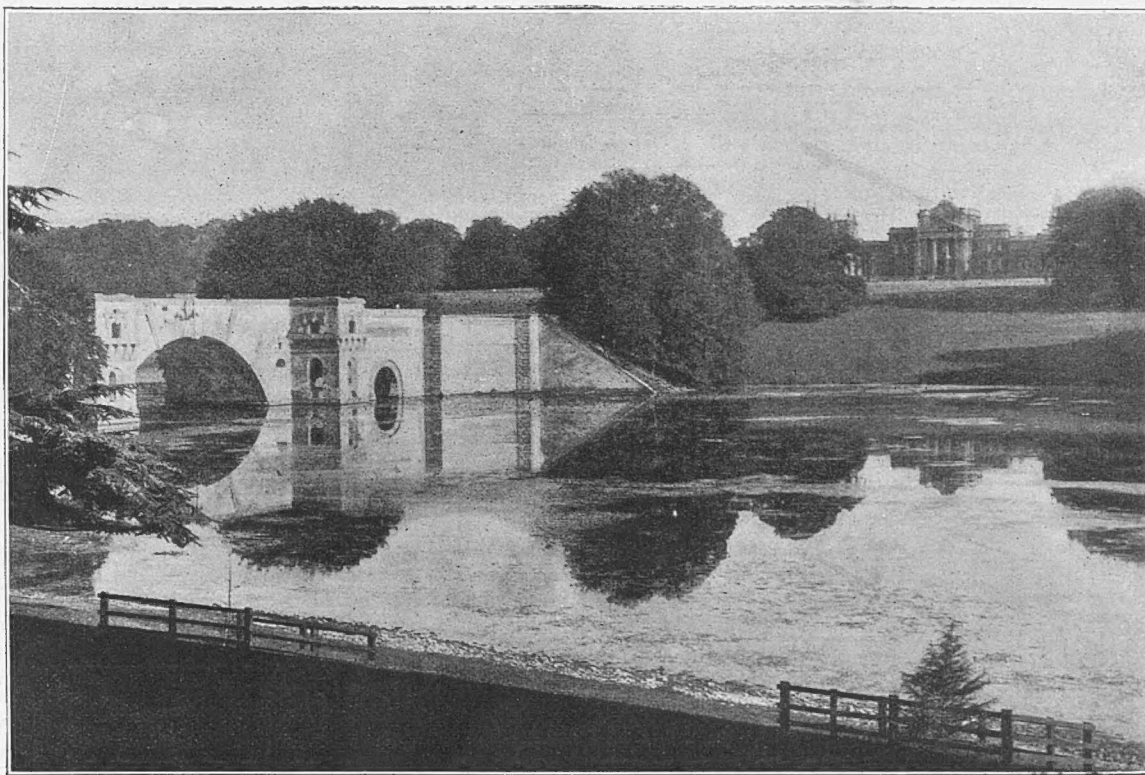


Photo by Taunt, Oxford.

BLEMHEIM PALACE, WOODSTOCK, THE BIRTHPLACE OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, FEB. 13, 1849.

among Ministers, and volumes brought for reference—all testifying to the seriousness with which his remarks were treated. I remember Mr. Gladstone rising to make a correction, and the studied courtesy with which it was received. There existed between the older and younger

scattering of its members. Its brilliant leader lies dead; Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has taken his large stock of amusing stories, and his small stock of political knowledge, to the Court of the King of Spain; Sir John E. Gorst has strengthened his faith in Democracy in Moderation



by residence at Toynbee Hall and useful work on various Commissions; Mr. Balfour, an occasional member of the party, has sobered into a statesman, and has been burdened with the responsibility of a Minister and a Leader of the House of Commons; Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, also an occasional adherent, still declaims against the neglect of foreign politics (to which he seems to think he has a special "call") by wicked

Radical Governments; and Earl Percy sits in the serenely atmospheric of the House of Lords. The whirligig of time has thus dispersed the little group which used to be a thorn in the side of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. It was while Lord Randolph was Leader of the party that insomnia began to trouble him. He began playing chess as a means of distraction, and Mr. Steinitz constantly came to Connaught Place to have games with the tired statesman. There is no doubt that the responsibility which came upon Lord Randolph in 1886 had a most detrimental effect on his health, and his irritability of temper was a direct result. He had within a year become a force to be reckoned, but December, 1886, was the punctuation mark in his career. His determination to resign was communicated exclusively to the *Times*, where secrecy was enforced by locking all the doors till it was too late for the news to appear in any other daily paper. It was an unpleasant "Christmas-box" for the Conservative Government at the end of 1886. He began to take an interest in horse-racing, visited Monte Carlo repeatedly (gambling with a stolid persistency, and showing exaggerated consideration for his fellow-players); but politics had ceased to attract him. He made a tour on the Continent in 1888, visiting Berlin and St. Petersburg, and receiving marked attention in both capitals. The German Emperor was greatly taken with Lord Randolph, and met him on many occasions. When John Bright died, the seat at Birmingham was offered to Lord Randolph, but he declined for various reasons.

He never was fond of Mr. Chamberlain, and a correspondence with him showed his feelings quite plainly. Then the world was amused to hear that the politician was to be merged in the special correspondent, for in the latter capacity he went to South Africa in May, 1891. His letters to the *Daily Graphic*, for which he received £2000, showed no deficiency in journalistic ability. On his return, he walked unobserved to his seat in the House of Commons, "bearded as the pard." He was an altered man, the bronzed

countenance and pointed beard causing havoc to the artists and photographers. The flame of his political ardour revived on the Home Rule debates, but there was not quite the same power or readiness in reply; his voice had grown husky, his manner more nervous. He was an extinct volcano, and recognised the fact sadly though slowly. Outside the House he could not be persuaded to utter those serviceable speeches,

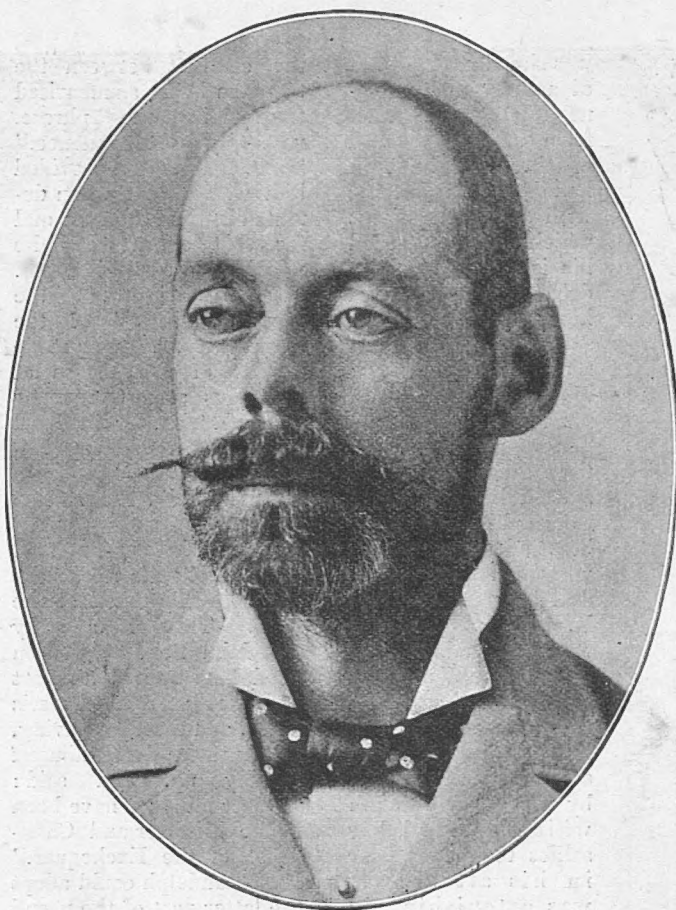
full of striking phrases, which used to be so readable. The voyage which he took, in company with Lady Randolph, in 1894, was his last campaign against the illness which had shattered his health. Lord Randolph was eager to come home, and his wish was granted. For the last four weeks his life has been flickering out, literally in the darkness, for all light was excluded from the room where he lay dying at his mother's house in Grosvenor Square. Consciousness returned again and again, and the sympathy of all classes, from the Queen downwards, gladdened his last days on earth. Early last Thursday morning he passed away, "peacefully and without pain."

Lord Randolph's character was difficult to understand. "Brilliant," "meteoric"—such are the adjectives which usually described him. But mere brilliance dazzles our eyes too much to be analysed, and the world appreciates the twinkling light of stars rather than the blaze of planets. In Goethe's words, Lord Randolph was an oak-tree planted in a porcelain vase; the sharpness of the sword wore out the sheath. Possibly, when the smoke has cleared away, his outspoken voice, from 1880 to 1885, will be admitted to have been the herald of the period when the grave-clothes of Toryism were laid aside, and the party which now prefers the title of Unionist emerged into the light of day. No great achievement on the statute-book is his; nothing to compare with the useful record of Sir John Lubbock in new legislation is associated with the name of Lord Randolph Churchill.

Upper Burmah was annexed during the time when he was Secretary for India, but not on his initiative. He was born to oppose, to criticise—not to construct. He arrived at what Lord Salisbury, whom he never admired, calls "the psychological moment," and flits across the page of modern history the picturesque figure of a gallant cavalier. And his memory to those who watched the rising sun sink into twilight cannot fail to provoke a pathetic regret—

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

D. W.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF LORD R. CHURCHILL.

Taken at San Francisco by Mr. Frank Davey.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE FOURTH PARTY.



AFTER MASHONALAND.





MISS MABEL TERRY LEWIS, NOW APPEARING IN "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES,"  
AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.



## MR. EDWARD TERRY.

The Strand is itself again. Mr. Edward Terry once more reigns at his own pretty little theatre. On the morning after the production of "An Innocent Abroad," I was fortunate enough to secure a brief chat with Mr. Terry in his cosy managerial sitting-room. "Well, Mr. Terry," said I, "London has certainly missed you too long, save during your temporary reappearance in burlesque. What are your plans for the future? But, no—let me first ask you to assume for a moment the rôle of the modern heroine, and talk to me about your past."

"Well" (with a smile), "like most actors, I was not originally intended for the stage. I was destined for a City life. But I founded an amateur company, and we fulfilled the fitness of things by giving three performances in a triangular room. I made my first professional appearance at Christchurch, Hants, in a 'fit-up' company, quaintly described as 'performing at the Mechanics' Institute, Christchurch, owing to the closure of Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Haymarket Theatres.' My first part was Lowry Looby, in 'Eily O'Connor,' better known as 'The Colleen Bawn.' Then we toured the 'fit-up' towns of the district, till the company went smash. My salary at this time was ten shillings a week."

"And your next engagement?"

"Was at Woolwich, at a slightly higher salary. I was engaged for principal comedy, and had also to sing about four songs between the acts, and write all the songs required for pantomime. My salary was nominally eighteen shillings. Engagements at Rochester and in Guernsey came to abrupt ends owing to managerial failures, and I next went to Sheffield, where I presently rose to comedy lead—at a reduced salary. But before long we were burnt out, and went on tour through Lincolnshire with our own fit-up. Our success was chiefly artistic. Our Iago played the violin before the curtain rose, to entice the people in, and our Ticket-of-Leave man used to play the pizzicato for his own entrances. My next engagement was at the Royal, Newcastle, where I made my first appearance in burlesque; 'Perseus and Andromeda' the piece was called. I was quite a failure. From Newcastle I went over to the Isle of Man, where I first met Henry Irving. But at last I had reached the epoch of salary. I went to Belfast as first comedian, and stayed there eight months, supporting 'stars' such as Sothorn, Toole, Kate Savile, James Bennett, and G. V. Brooke. I played the Mayor of London to Brooke's Richard the Third on the occasion of his last appearance before he started on that voyage from which he was never to return."

"And when did you first become a 'star' yourself, Mr. Terry?"

"The very next season. I went back to Belfast to star as Touchstone, Old Pete in 'The Octoroon,' and Asa Trenchard in 'Our American Cousin.' I also played The Dougal and The Baillie in 'Rob Roy.' I fulfilled special engagements at Leeds and Plymouth in 'The Octoroon,' and then joined Charles Calvert at Manchester. There I played in a round of Shaksperian parts, and scored the success which brought me to London. I played the Clown who brings the asp to Cleopatra; the part consists of about twenty-seven lines in all, but the next day Charles Calvert slapped me on the back, and showed me a most flattering notice of my performance in the London *Morning Post*. You can imagine how proud I felt. Before leaving Manchester I was given a benefit, for which I produced a burlesque of 'The Colleen Bawn.' It was put on for the one night, and ran for six weeks."

"Then you came to London, to the Surrey Theatre?"

"Yes, I played there in a farce for ten weeks. Thence I migrated to the Lyceum, to play the First Grave-digger to the Hamlet of Fairclough, under the management of E. T. Smith. In the next year—1868—I crossed the road, to the Strand, then under Mrs. Swanborough's management. For the next nine years I played at the Strand in various burlesques and comedies."

"And from the Strand you passed to the Gaiety?"

"Yes, I played there for the next six years. Miss Nelly Farren, Miss Kate Vaughan, Royce, and myself formed what became known as the Quartette. I now varied my work by touring during four months in each year. In the autumn of 1887 I produced 'The Churchwarden' at the Olympic, while my own theatre was being built. The piece was a great success, and was moved to the new theatre in October."

"The rest, Mr. Terry," I remarked, "is fresh in the memories of even the youngest generation of playgoers—Mr. Pinero's beautiful play, 'Sweet Lavender,' ran for more than nine hundred nights, and was revived in the autumn of 1890. You subsequently gave us 'The Rocket' and 'The Times' of Mr. Pinero, and other somewhat less notable plays, but lately your love of the provinces has seemed to grow stronger."

"Well," replied Mr. Terry, "I am an inveterate wanderer. I love touring. Besides, one's *répertoire* of plays is welcomed everywhere, and one is spared the anxiety of new productions. It is very hard to get new plays worth anything at all. Since January, 1893, I have read 185 plays, and have accepted two. One of these is 'An Innocent Abroad,' and the other is 'The Blue Boar,' by Louis Parker and Thornton Clark."

"I suppose no new production of yours is likely to call forth another correspondence in the *Times*?"

"I think not. Besides, the public is growing weary of these eternal social problems and questions of sex. Fashion in things theatrical moves in cycles, and already there are signs of reaction."

"And you intend to stay in London for some time now?"

"Yes, for the immediate future; but I have many distant wanderings in prospect. I have promised to pay a return visit to Australia some day. I had a most cordial reception out there—in fact, the many social distractions almost unfitted me for hard work. In the future, but not yet, I hope to visit New Zealand, Queensland, and the Cape."

"And you have travelled largely for amusement, quite apart from your professional tours, have you not?"

"Yes; I have visited India and Russia and the less-frequented parts of Norway. Talking of foreign travel reminds me that I must plead guilty to taking great pride in being recognised when far away from home. In Moscow I was once trying to find my way to a certain address, and asked a gentleman to direct me. He delighted me by replying, 'The house you are looking for is my uncle's. Allow me to be your escort, Mr. Terry. I have often seen you act in London.'"

"But how do you contrive to combine so much travel with the discharge of the responsibilities which you have taken upon yourself as a citizen?"

"Oh, my duties are not so onerous as to prevent my frequent absence from home. I am sorry to say I am not really a churchwarden—except in the play of that name."

"But you are on the Board of Guardians and Grand Treasurer of Freemasons?"

"Yes, and I am President of the Barnes Cycling Club. I sometimes wonder why, for I am no cyclist myself. However, all the tailors send me patterns of new materials for cycling costumes."

"Is it true that you contemplate a political career?"

"Certainly not. I consider that the stage will before long need to be represented in the political world, but its representative must not be hampered by professional duties. What we really want is a Minister of Amusements."

"What about the County Council?"

"I have been most fairly treated by the County Council, and have no complaint to make against it; but a body subject to internal changes cannot be the most desirable authority on questions which require the knowledge of an expert."

"I remember that you aroused much interest and valuable discussion by your address on the relation of the Stage to the Church, at the Cardiff Church Congress."

"Yes; I was much gratified by the reception given to my paper. I had to repeat it at an overflow meeting."

"The theatrical profession owes you many a debt of gratitude, Mr. Terry."

"Ah, but I fear I do not deserve all the commendation awarded to me. For instance, I once organised a swimming competition among the members of my company. Practice took place at the various towns which we visited on tour. Imagine my amusement when I found myself applauded for preaching the doctrine that 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.'"

"And what about a municipal theatre?"

"Ah, that is a big question!" Mr. Terry replied; and I rose to take my leave, more than ever interested in a personality which combines, in so marked a measure, the qualities of a brilliant actor, a kind-hearted and patriotic citizen, and a cultured man of the world.

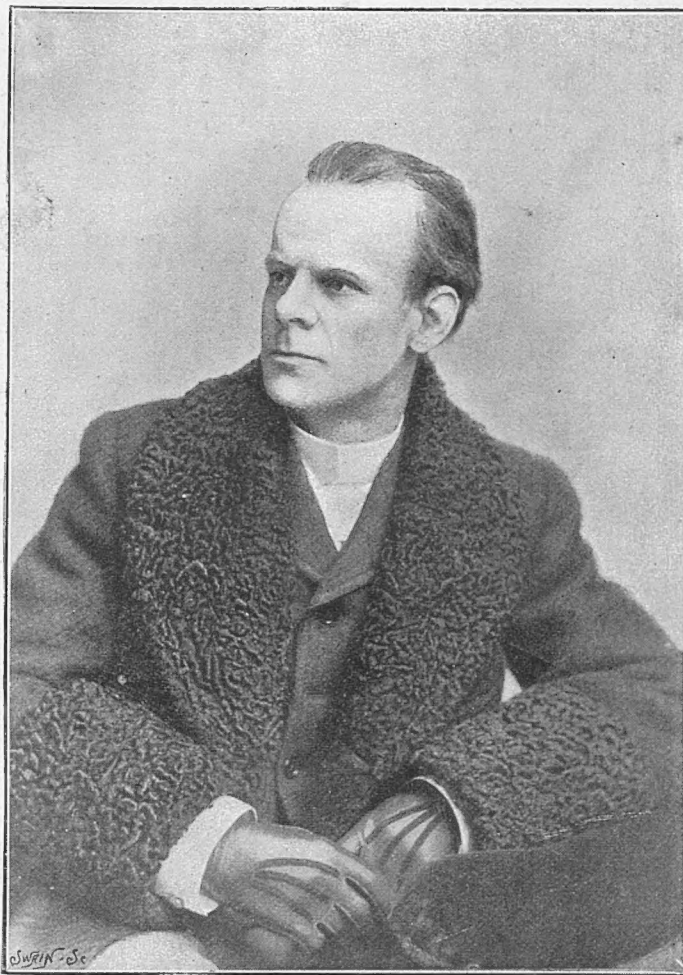
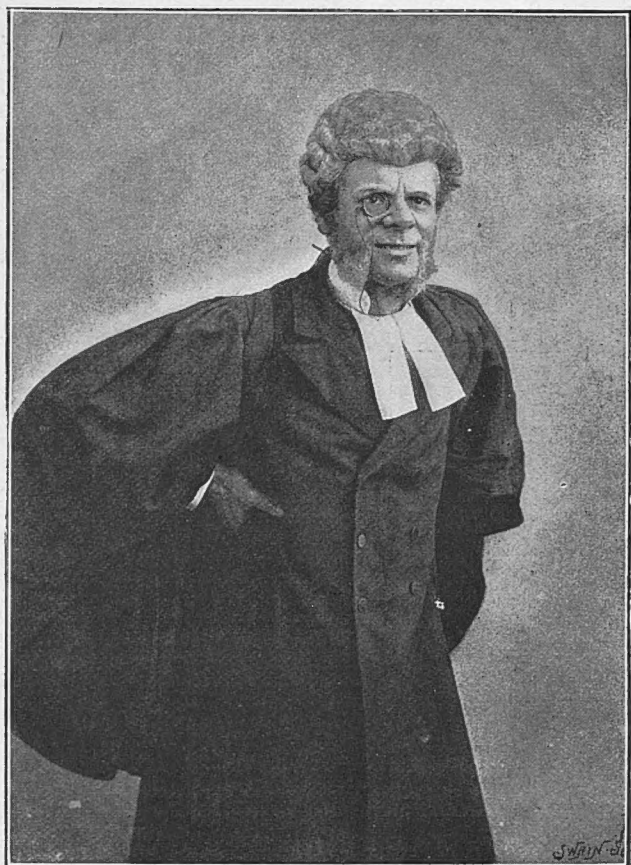


Photo by Hawkins, Brighton.

MR. EDWARD TERRY.

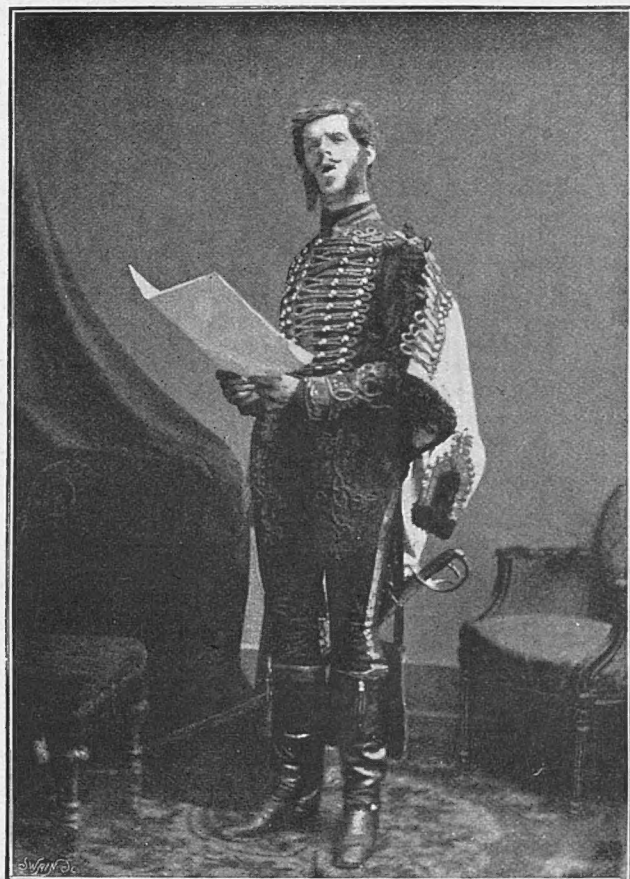


MR. TERRY IN SOME OF HIS RÔLES.



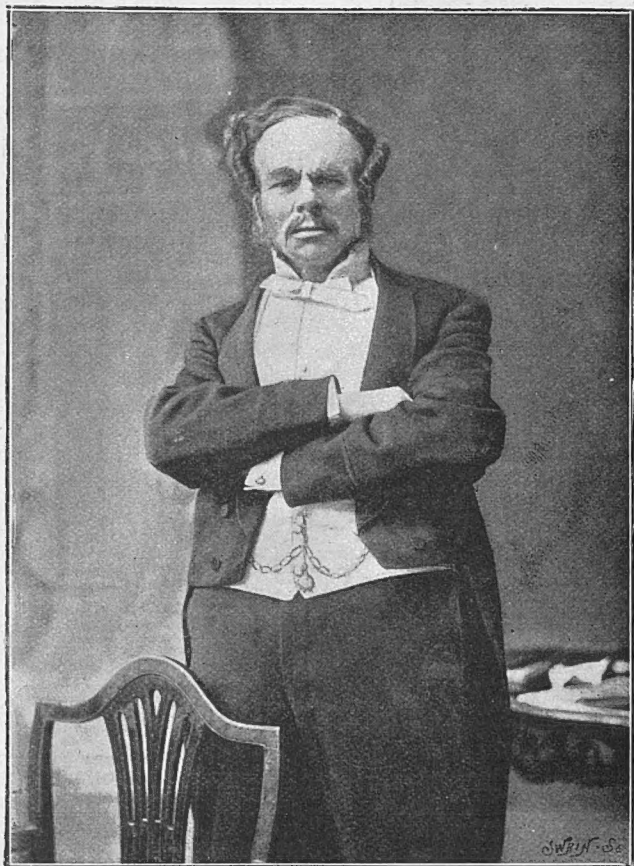
*Photo by Soper and Stedman, Strand.*

AS DICK PHENYL IN "SWEET LAVENDER."



*Photo by Soper and Stedman, Strand.*

AS JEAMES.



*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street.*

AS MR. EGERTON-BOMPAS IN "THE TIMES."



*Photo by Soper and Stedman, Strand.*

AS DICK PHENYL IN "SWEET LAVENDER."



## SMALL TALK.

The arrangements for her Majesty's trip to the Continent are being rapidly pushed forward, and a number of workmen are already busily employed at the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez making alterations and additions to meet the Queen's requirements. There will be over sixty persons in the royal suite, so that there is a great deal to do. The whole of the sanitary arrangements are being overhauled by experts from England, and some changes are being made in the grounds of the adjoining villas in order to facilitate the Queen's morning excursions in her donkey-chair. During the Queen's visit, messengers from London are to arrive daily, and a private telegraph-wire is to be laid on to the hotel for her Majesty's use. The telegram bill is always a very heavy one while the Court is abroad, usually amounting to nearly one hundred pounds a week. As at present arranged, the Queen will leave Windsor Castle for the Riviera on Wednesday, March 20. The royal party will travel from Windsor to Portsmouth Dockyard on the afternoon of the 20th, intending to dine and sleep on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which will be moored in the harbour for the night. On Thursday the Queen is to cross the Channel to Cherbourg, whence she will proceed by special train direct to Nice.

The Queen will hold a Council at Osborne "for the speech" on Monday next. The Court is expected to leave the Isle of Wight on Thursday, Feb. 14, and her Majesty will then reside at the Castle until her departure for the Continent.

It is said that an effort has been again made this year—but, alas! without success—to induce the Queen to alter the date of the earlier Drawing Rooms, and hold all four of these social functions in May, or two in May and two in June. Anything more fearful than to be obliged to attend a Drawing Room on a cold March day it would be impossible to conceive.

The Duke and Duchess of York are to arrive at St. James's Palace from Sandringham next week, and will remain in town for several weeks. The Duke and Duchess are not going to Osborne, as was originally intended, but will visit the Queen at Windsor Castle early in March.

Lord Buckinghamshire has succeeded the late Lord Drumlanrig as Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty, but Lord Rosebery has still two vacancies to fill up in succession to Lords Monkswell and Brassey. Lord Granville has the refusal of one of these vacancies; but now that he has seriously taken up diplomacy as a career, it is doubtful whether he will care to accept a Court appointment that would render him liable to be suddenly summoned from some distant foreign Court to do a fortnight's "wait." To Lord Buckinghamshire, the appointment, worth £700 a year, for merely nominal duties, will afford a welcome addition to his somewhat limited income.

The Queen has a unique collection of old wines stored away in the vast cellars at St. James's Palace and Windsor Castle. George IV. imported an immense quantity of port, sherry, and Madeira, and many dozens of these fine old vintages remain unconsumed. The collection of Cabinet Rhine wines and Imperial Tokay, the latter a favourite wine of the late Prince Consort, is also second to none in the kingdom. The appointment of Gentleman of the Cellars, now held by Mr. Thomas Kingscote, is, under the circumstances, a most desirable position, for it is one of his duties to periodically satisfy himself that these incomparable vintages are not deteriorating. In addition, the post carries with it a very comfortable salary and a charming suite of rooms in St. James's Palace.

The Princess of Wales recently acquired a very handsome Borzois puppy. Though only eight months old, he is already over twenty-eight inches at the shoulder, with very long, wavy, white hair, and a splendid, evenly marked, fawn-brindle head. Alex, as he is called, was bred by Mr. A. J. Rousseau (who, by the way, is a Jersey man) in St. Petersburg, by his famous stud dog, Ataman the Great, out of his Outcheschka, the only gold-medal wolf-hound in the world. The Princess has got Alex for show purposes. He was one of a litter of eleven, all of whom are doing well. One of his sisters is to form the nucleus of another new Borzois kennel. Doubtless these very handsome dogs will come in for greater favour in this country now that the Princess has gone in for them.

So Miss Yohé is Lady Francis Hope, after all. The marriage was widely rumoured early last year, and denied. Then it was definitely announced in one solitary Peerage (Walford's) last year, which was thus premature, and omitted in the same Peerage this year, which was thus behindhand, for at the office of the Registrar for the parish of Hampstead, on Nov. 27, 1894, "Henry Francis Hope Pelham Clinton Hope, aged twenty-eight, generally known as Lord Francis Hope," was married to "May Augusta Yohé, aged twenty-five, spinster." The residence of both parties is entered on the registry-books as "21, Maresfield Gardens." Miss Yohé may yet be one of our duchesses, for her brother-in-law, the Duke of Newcastle, has no issue. Lady Francis Hope will shortly appear as Dick Whittington at the Avenue Theatre, a part in which she should look as fascinating as she did in "Little Christopher Columbus" and "The Lady Slavey."

Members of that highly popular corps, the London Scottish Rifles, were at home to their friends on Saturday evening at James Street, Buckingham Gate, where, for that occasion, the Drill Hall was converted into a bower of bunting and beauty, tall palms, gay frocks, and uniforms variously contrasting with the sober grey kilts of the entertaining battalion. Lieut.-Colonel Balfour, own brother of the golfing diplomatist, received the guests, assisted by Major Montgomerie and other officers of the regiment. A sword-dance, performed with great fervour and flexibility by four stalwart pipers, had a most invigorating effect on the audience. Not less so the pibroch, strathspey, reel, and other Caledonian coruscations of the band, which played in great form during the intervals of soul-stirring efforts on the part of the gallant pipers. Though Edison's kinetoscope cannot be considered intrinsically Scotch, it commanded a sufficiently general interest to find place among the evening's amusements, which were heartily appreciated by all those present.

Yvette Guilbert's triumphant career has met with a check at Naples. The light-hearted Neapolitans had expected that she would be covered with diamonds and dance the *cancan*. When they saw a lady in simple attire, and scarcely indulging in a gesture, they refused to listen to her, and she was forced to retire from the stage. The incident has amused nobody more than Yvette herself.

Hostesses who wish for a change of front from the invariable and inevitable song and recitation of the afternoon party, should adopt the picturesque invasion of the minuet, which has been lately introduced with much success at smart five o'clock gatherings in Paris. Everyone can dance nowadays, and the British *gaucherie* of a generation back is a

forgotten quantity quite, so it should be very easy to find candidates among one's acquaintance for this latest fad of fashion who would not blush to show their paces in the stately measure of a minuet. Comtesse de L'Isle du Fief has popularised the notion in Paris, and if some modish madam will do likewise with us, we shall have a decided antidote to the usual yawning boredom of afternoon "At Homes" next season.

In these days of French dishes—or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, of dishes with French names—it is quite refreshing to hear that there are folks who appreciate a thoroughly English bill of fare. At a well-known West End restaurant the other night, a gentleman gave what he called "An Olde Englyshe Dinner" to some friends. The dinner, which was, I believe, a great success, consisted of mock-turtle soup, salmon with melted butter, roast beef with horse-radish sauce and Yorkshire pudding, boiled turkey and ox-tongue, haunch of venison, Christmas pudding and mince pies, almonds and raisins, cob-nuts and pine-apples, coffee, mushrooms on toast. This excellent fare was washed down with old Madeira, champagne of '84, a Château claret, and a vintage port. The repast concluded with a bowl of punch and long "churchwardens," while on the tasteful "Bill of Fare" appropriate Shaksperian quotations encouraged the guests to enjoy themselves.

Miss Lottie Collins, once a potent personage in this country, is now touring in America, with very great success, with her Vaudeville company, called "Lottie Collins's Troubadours." Her repertory includes "The Devil Bird," an operetta founded on a well-known story by Boeccaccio, and "The Fair Equestrienne," a sketch made popular on the music-hall boards by Miss Cora Stuart.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

LADY FRANCIS HOPE (MISS MAY YOHÉ) AS THE LADY SLAVEY.



The sale of Mr. Edmund Yates's library at Sotheby's excited a great deal more attention on account of the eminence of that great journalist than from any special attraction which pertained to his books. These turned out, on investigation, to have formed an infinitely inferior library to the majority which come into these famous sale-rooms, as, indeed, may

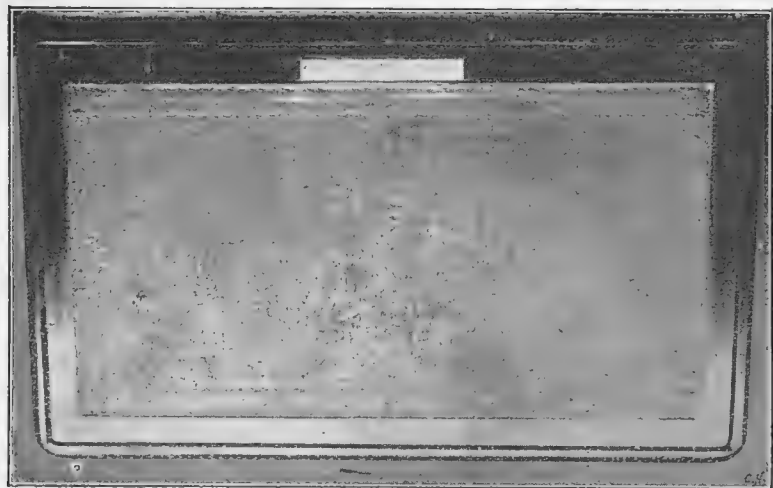


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

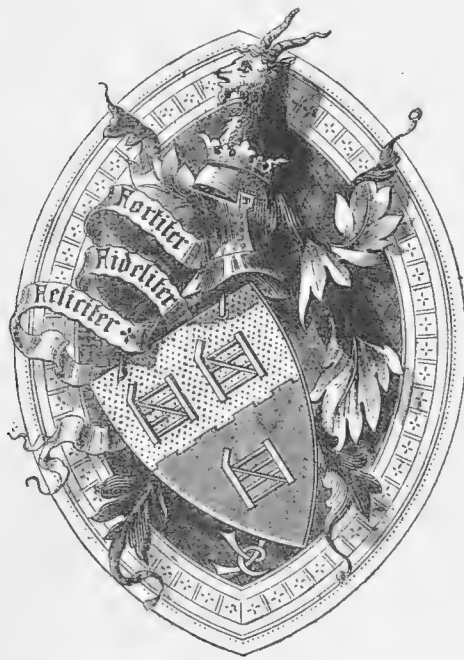
THE WRITING-SLOPE USED FOR MANY YEARS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

A silver plate is let in the mahogany, bearing the following inscription: *This desk, which belonged to Charles Dickens, and was used by him on the day of his death, was one of the familiar objects of his study, which were ordered by his will to be distributed amongst those who loved him, and was accordingly given by his executrix to Edmund Yates.*

be gathered from the fact that the whole collection only fetched nine hundred pounds. When to this one adds that a great many of the books and manuscripts fetched quite double what they were worth, it will be seen that the library was not a very impressive one.

The most striking treasure was the writing-slope of Charles Dickens, of which a reproduction is here given, and which Mr. Baneroff purchased for £105. It was rather amusing, by the way, to see the distinguished actor's own "Reminiscences" knocked down in his presence, a few minutes earlier, for a few shillings. A collection of Dickens's letters fetched sixty pounds: they were, doubtless, bought for some American.

The same number of equally good letters by Dickens could easily have been got anywhere in London for less than thirty pounds.



*Edmund Yates*

MR. YATES'S BOOK-PLATE.

possess a book which contained the book-plate of a man so distinguished and so personally attractive. I am glad to be able to reproduce Mr. Yates's book-plate here.

The book-plate has never been so prominent as it is to-day. The best pencils are wielded to design it, and money is freely expended to make collections of it. If you step round to the Westminster Palace Hotel this afternoon, you will find this strikingly exemplified, for there the Ex Libris Society has organised an exhibition "consisting of book-plates of all ages and of all countries; and of books, engravings, and manuscripts relating to heraldry and genealogy." I wonder if there is on

show the grotesque book-plate I once saw, describing books of the owner—a working man—as *Ex Libris!* He meant well, even if his Latinity limped. But it just exemplifies how democratic we have become, for there was a time when only gentlefolk could boast a book-plate. I can imagine a specimen of one of these old plates, that of some nobleman, elaborately emblazoned and grandiloquently mottoed, having some such story to tell as follows—

Though now on exhibit to all, my career  
Began by adorning the books of a peer,  
Though literature wasn't his passion.  
He never would open his treasures in calf;  
He loved to go hunting, and freely would quaff  
The wines that were then in the fashion.

And so on the shelves of his lordship I lay,  
Till the hoards I embellished all faded away,  
Like the rose in the "Martha" of Flotow;  
Worm-eaten and foxed beyond hopes of a cure,  
They crumbled to pieces, though "Ever endure"  
Was my owner's grandiloquent motto.

And then I came down to the time of a lord,  
Who held that the pen was a prince to the sword—  
You'll find him in Walpole's collection.  
He weeded the worst of us out to be burned,  
Preserving a few, while the others he turned  
Into cash at the hammer's direction.

While some of us stand on the nobleman's shelves,  
How many, like pitiful castaway elves,  
Have wandered since first we were scattered!  
I've seen us immersed in the fourpenny box,  
Disdainfully handled like so many blocks,  
Until we were dirty and tattered.

And some of us passed (I must say with a gulp)  
To the ravenous mill to be turned into pulp,  
From which we had all been created.  
And others are still in the throes of neglect,  
While some have been rescued by those who collect  
*Ex Libris*: that lot is elated.

And now on exhibit we're duly displayed,  
With the book-plates of people who live by a trade—  
The age has become democratic.  
But what of our ownership? Can we complain,  
When placed by the plates of a Railton and Crane  
And masters in work emblematic?

With reference to the staging, by Mr. Willie Edouin, at the Strand Theatre, of a revised edition of the burlesque "The Babes," it may be noted that that piece, of which the author was Mr. Harry Paulton, had formerly the punning sub-title of "W(h)ines from the Wood." It was originally produced at Birmingham in June, 1884, and in the following September started what turned out to be a run of upwards of a hundred nights at Toole's Theatre. Miss Alice Atherton then greatly distinguished herself as Tessie, the "girl babe"; Mr. Edouin was seen as Dolly, the boy; Mr. Lionel Brough was the truculent Bill Booty; and others in the cast were Miss Grace Huntley; Mr. Charles E. Stevens, recently appearing in "Claude Duval"; and Miss Edith Vane, recently heard in "A Trip to China Town." Familiar, also, is Mr. Edouin's impersonation of Wishee Washee, the "heathen Chinee," which this master of comic business is sure to make amusingly topical at the present time. The character is taken from another successful old burlesque, "Blue Beard," which dates back to the days of Lydia Thompson, now living in America with her daughter, Zeffie Tilbury, and son-in-law, Arthur Lewis. In "Blue Beard," too, one of Mr. Edouin's chief colleagues was Mr. Lionel Brough.

Everybody is sorry to learn that Miss Winifred Emery is suffering from typhoid fever; but I am glad to say that, up to the time of writing, she is progressing as favourably as could be hoped. The absence of the charming actress from the bill at the Comedy has, doubtless, led to the management announcing the last weeks of "The New Woman," Mr. Grundy's witty play. When "The New Woman" will actually say farewell to her many admirers is not, I believe, yet settled; but already another of her sex, this time a "Political Woman," is preparing to present herself on the Comedy boards. Rehearsals began last week, and the production will see several new artistes in the cast. Miss Le Thiere and Miss Marion Terry will both join Mr. Comyns Carr's company, as will also young Mr. Henry Irving. Miss Rose Leclercq will, I regret to say, go to Mr. Alexander; but Miss Alma Murray, Mr. Fred Terry, and Mr. Cyril Maude have parts in the new play, which, I understand, is the work of an author new to the public.

On going, the other evening, to the Vaudeville, to renew my acquaintance with my old friend, "The New Boy," I was sorry to find that a sudden indisposition prevented Mr. Weedon Grossmith from appearing in his successful impersonation. I am glad to take this opportunity of congratulating his substitute, Mr. H. Besley, on the excellent manner in which he portrayed the sorrows and sufferings of Dr. Candy's involuntary pupil. The play, in spite of its phenomenal run, seemed to go as briskly as ever, and to be heartily enjoyed by an excellent house. I am glad to say that the original New Boy was only suffering from a chill, and that his name is once more in evidence in the daily announcements.

Messrs. Lawrence Irving and Seymour Hicks' drama, "Uncle Silas," which was brought out at a morning performance at the Shaftesbury Theatre, has been renamed "Silas Ruthyn," and is being taken round the provinces by Mr. Lawrence Irving, who, besides heading the company, fills the title-part.



The production of "Hansel and Gretel" in town has been quite a revelation to the layman who is not conscious of any advance in operatic composition in Germany since Wagner's death. Numerous attempts have been made to imitate the great Bayreuth master, but the results have been mediocre. Italy and France have been more successful, and the works of Mascagni and Leoncavallo have been hailed as following the traditions of the Wagner School; but Germany has once more stepped to the front, and, in the hands of Engelbert Humperdinck, the music-drama is again a power. Instead of the Gods of Walhalla and other heroes of mystic ages, we are now treated to a fairy-tale in dramatic form, and the music has been composed in complete harmony with the subject. Humperdinck was, until recently, almost unknown. At one bound he has stepped into the front rank of modern operatic composers. It has been claimed, indeed, that the music of "Hansel and Gretel" is the greatest which has appeared on the stage for the last twenty years, and, as the composer is still a young man, much may yet be expected of him. Engelbert Humperdinck was born in Siegburg on the Rhine in 1854, and, while still a boy, was placed in the Conservatorium in Cologne to receive a complete musical education. Here he soon showed talent, and, for original compositions, he gained the Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer prizes. From 1876-1881 he studied in Munich, at the Royal School of Music, and in Italy, and for some time afterwards was engaged in teaching music in the Conservatorium in Barcelona. He returned to Germany in 1887, and since 1890 has been teaching in the Conservatorium in Frankfurt. A fairy-tale may not seem a big theme for an opera, but the consummate skill with which the subject has been treated, and the beauty of the music, compel admiration. The music is distinctly Wagnerian, and in some parts suggests "Die Meistersinger"; but still, it is characteristic, and throughout there is a distinct vein of originality which is nowadays quite refreshing. It should be noted that "Hansel and Gretel" was withdrawn on Saturday from Daly's Theatre, owing to the arrival of "An Artist's Model," but *matinées* of it are being given at the Gaiety. It should not be missed.

The English railroads are wonderful, and the English railway companies are great, but the Americans go one better. The New York Central Company has just published an illustrated Guide to all the places through which its dominion extends, and I cannot imagine anything better. Presumably it is issued for advertisement purposes, but is as far removed from the average style of railway guide as a poster by Jules Cheret is removed from the blatant advertisement of the gutter. The paper and printing are of the best, the illustrations perfectly reproduced. Issued by the Passenger Department of the company, it is number five of their "Four-Track Series." There is no chance for all of us to travel, but there is some pleasure to be obtained from a good description of foreign places; and I confess that I have been reading "Health and Pleasure," as the Guide is called, with an amount of pleasure that certain romances now lying on my table for review have been utterly unable to inspire. The vast world of America, and the grand scale upon which Nature has lavished her favours, have a certain awe-inspiring effect. But, apart from the scenic aspects of the country, which this book so clearly points out, I find considerable political value in "Health and Pleasure," showing, as it does, the resources of a scarcely known world and the temperament of its present occupants.

I went through the mouth-watering process of looking over a schedule of the late Jay Gould's personal property some days ago, and it was one calculated to excite hopeless rage and limitless envy in the breast of any ordinarily incomeed youth. How sweet the world could be made to taste with a fraction of this financial giant's inches! Among the frivolous items, for example, one read twenty millions in Western Union—dollars, of course, but in what comfortable numbers!—ten millions in Manhattan Elevated Railway, five millions in this, six in that, and so on, through a bewildering bevy of possessions. Great losses were noticeable in other stocks, some of which have dwindled down and almost disappeared since their owner's death. But to the rotund figure of the whole these local shrinkages seem, after all, but of small account.

Among the other reforms I am preparing against the time when I become a member of her Majesty's Government is the appointment of an Advertisement Censor. I would not allow any people to advertise in such a manner as promoted ugliness. Every poster, whether theatrical or purely commercial, should first be submitted to the approval of the Censor's select committee, made up of artists and business men. No single firm should be allowed to use such colours as make humanity look bilious, and no colours that did not harmonise should appear on the same hoarding. The use of disabled soldiers and sailors, sandwich-men, and fancy-dress costumes should be strictly forbidden; sky-signs should be taken down, and monuments erected to great men should not serve as screens on which to cast the names of patent remedies. Of course, this procedure would be a trifle unpopular, but in a short time London would look so much better that its own County Council would not know it. Business would not suffer, and the best tastes of the public would be encouraged. The recent Poster Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium proved that our hoardings need not look ugly. There are very many men who can turn out wonderful designs if they are encouraged to do so, but surely no man will do his best until he knows that his work will get a fair chance upon the hoardings.

I have already had occasion in these columns to mention my heetographed namesake, the *Buluwayo Sketch*. In the latest number to hand there is a "Darkest Africa" version of "Prudes on the Prowl." Two niggers, with but a flimsy waistband to hide their nakedness, are shown coming forward to meet two Englishwomen, who evince the most amazing horror at the spectacle. It is curious how ideas travel in these days; and yet not so strange, after all, considering the splendid means of communication we have with Africa. It is almost incredible to think that the country which was unknown a few years ago should have become so prominent. And yet one has only to look at the handbook which Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. have issued. It contains a minute account of Africa from every point of view, illustrated in elaborate detail by some thirty maps and diagrams—Africa, the paradise of the sportsman and the novelist; Africa, the land of gold and diamonds, the country of fertile pasture-land, of colonial enterprise, and Sir Cecil Rhodes; Africa, the customer, not the rival competitor, of England. All are set before us "in a crystalline completeness." Truly Pliny little realised the significance of his remark, "Semper aliquid novi Africa affert."

I hear that part of an Egyptian mummy has been picked up at Maidenhead. The original was a lady, and she deserves to be celebrated in song—

"Found at Maidenhead," they say,  
Part of an Egyptian mummy,—  
Perfect lady in her day,  
Was she slim, or was she crummy?  
Had she such a fetching way  
That a Pharaoh called her Yummy?

Once her eyes were full of fire,  
Now they are a trifle gummy;  
Once she danced to lute or lyre,  
Now she is a lifeless dummy;  
Once she was the soul's desire,  
Now she looks distinctly rummy.

Just a hand and foot are left,  
Rest is flown—which isn't chummy.  
Of her other charms bereft,  
She is not a winsome mummy.  
But, as Birmingham is left,  
Why, patch her there, and wake her, Brummy!

It is curious that no one taking part in the newspaper correspondence with regard to the genesis of R. L. Stevenson's "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and its predecessors in the same *genre*, has referred to Edgar Allan Poe's uncanny tale "William Wilson." Written in 1838 or 1839, and partly autobiographical, inasmuch as it photographs Poe's school-days at Stoke Newington, "William Wilson" is certainly to be paralleled with Stevenson's famous story. The differences are obvious. The second William Wilson is not the embodiment of the evil principle in the character of the imaginary narrator, but rather his conscience: existing contemporaneously, instead of undergoing transformation, as does the unhappy Jekyll, speaking in "a low whisper, the very echo of his own," continually warning him, when, like Hyde, Wilson takes to evil ways, and finally falling a victim to the fury of the utterly depraved man. Poe has worked out the theme very skilfully, and the points of resemblance and difference between his treatment and the method adopted by Stevenson are interesting to follow. It would be quite worth anybody's while to read over both stories together.

Really the rising generation are getting quite too sharp for their pastors and masters. A few days since I heard of a Board School inspector who had tried to puzzle a class in a London school by asking them to give some illustrations of "what are called invisible colours." This was the reply of a smart young Cockney: "When there's snow in the parks, that's an invisible green; when there's a row up our court and there ain't no p'liceman, that's an invisible blue; and when you gets a penny and puts it in the blooming slot, that's an invisible brown."

A friend of mine, a young American lady residing in Paris, writes me of a very disagreeable experience the other evening in that Yankee Paradise. On leaving the house of some friends, she and her companions found the streets so slippery that they were compelled to walk, and only reached home with considerable difficulty. This reminds me of a similar adventure in London, something more than twenty years ago. I had been with a friend to Drury Lane; there was a sleety rain when we entered the theatre, and, on leaving, we found that "a nipping and an eager air" had turned the streets to glass. Hardly a vehicle was to be seen, and ladies and their cavaliers in evening dress were sliding helplessly, or waiting hopelessly, in every direction. We started down the incline to the Strand with most disastrous results, both sustaining severe tumbles. At length we made a dressing-room of a convenient doorway, and, reversing the usual order of things, put our socks over our boots, and, arm-in-arm, started for a distant suburb, which we reached in the small hours of the morning. Many were the belated travellers we encountered, and I remember how, when nearly home, a gentleman passed us, spinning rapidly along the pavement on his skates. The few cabs that plied that night with roughed horses reaped a golden harvest. I fancy this was in the winter of '70-'71, but am not certain as to the date, though I shall certainly never forget the occurrence.





GRETTEL (MISS JEANNE DOUSTE).

HANSEL (MISS MARIE ELBA).

"HANSEL AND GRETEL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

*"Hark, what a noise in the bushes!"*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.



Miss Lilian Stanley, who is the Dick Whittington of the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, pantomime, is familiar to provincial playgoers as Shrimp in "In Town," and, later, as Don Juan, so admirably played at the Gaiety by Miss Millie Hylton.

The new *tableaux vivants* at the Empire will in many revive recollections of a delightful entertainment. I, for one, think that I had as much pleasure out of "L'Enfant Prodigue" as from anything in my experience as critic. Possibly the Empire authorities will find that some of the patrons of the place hardly consider to their taste the



MISS DAISY BALDRY AS ALICE IN "DICK WHITTINGTON,"  
AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.

pictures illustrating the story of poor Pierrot and Phrynette, nor altogether the scraps of Wormsur's delightful music served up with it. However, there were a great many who saw and delighted in the piece invented by M. Michel Carré fils, and to them the *tableaux* will give pleasure as well as some disappointment.

By the way, the word "original" seems rather rashly used in the programme, since all the records are against the idea that Mr. Charles Lauri was the "original" Pierrot, or M. Francesco Zanfretta the "original" Le Baron. It does not matter very much, maybe, yet accuracy in others is pleasing. The orchestra is, of course, good, and the pictures have been well arranged, so that to everyone the story must be clear. The performers, save Mdlle. Zanfretta and M. Jean Arcueil, seemed a little wooden. By the bye, some of those who do not like Mr. Comyns Carr's book would pay heavily to see "King Arthur" arranged as *tableaux vivants* after "L'Enfant Prodigue" fashion.

A "constant reader" writes me concerning a note in last week's *Sketch* about the costumes and scenery in "King Arthur." He points out that the one matter of criticism legitimately to be made is that scenery and costumes do not correspond. The scenery is early "Norman," as we call it, or Romanesque, and dates from the beginning of the eleventh century—one or two critics have actually called it "Gothic." The armour is of about three centuries later. Certainly it may well happen that people inhabit buildings of an earlier period than their own; but seeing that Sir Edward Burne-Jones was tied to no century, the time coeval with the armour, a time when the architecture was far more gorgeous than the crude early Romanesque, might well have been chosen for sake of absolute beauty and harmony. The remark about Arthur invading Gaul is a mild understatement of his importance, for, according to Malory, and the legends he put into shape, Arthur invaded Italy, defeated Lucius, the Emperor, and himself "was crowned Emperor by the Pope's hand with all the royalty that could be made."

My correspondent adds that the humour of Caxton's reasons for believing that there really was a King Arthur is worth noting. *Inter alia*, the evidence alleged is that "in the Abbey of Westminster, at St. Edward's shrine, remaineth the print of his seal in red wax closed in beryl, in which is written 'Patricius Arthurus Britannie, Gallie, Germanie, Dacie Imperator.' Item, in the Castle of Dover ye may see Gawaine's skull, Cradok's mantle; at Winchester the Round Table; in other places,

Launcelot's sword and many other things." After such "massive and concrete" evidence by things of which a lawyer would say "Res ipsa loquitur," Caxton may well quote the remark that "Him that should say or think that there never was such a king called Arthur might well be aretted of great folly and blindness."

A paragraph that appeared in one of the papers concerning the alleged Christmas bribing of the critics brings to my mind a good story that, so far as I know, has never got into print. This time it does not relate to boxes of cigars which Sir Augustus sends to some of the more important judges—possibly not as an "influencer," to use a term from a famous Irish story, but as atonement for some bad quarters of an hour; nor does it concern the jars of whisky said to have been sent at New Year from the St. James's Theatre to some critics, whether Scotch or Irish—I mean the whisky—I know not. The tale is about a brace of pheasants forwarded by a manager to one of our best-known and ablest play-tasters. He did not know what to do with them; it seemed a foolish fuss to send them back, and yet—. So he told his editor what had happened, and asked his advice. "How long have you had them?" asked the editor. "Eight days," he answered. "Then eat them up quickly, or it will be worse than a case of bribery; it will be bribery and corruption."

An incident of a recent provincial pantomime reaches me which is too good to go unrecorded, although I am debarred from particularising place or *dramatis personæ*—which is a pity. The piece was "Mother Goose," and, as sometimes happeneth, the leading fairy fell ill, her place being taken by a very nervous and unaccustomed understudy. Unfortunately, too, the First Robber was of bibulous habit, and on the night in question introduced this peculiarity, with marked effect, into his part. "This," he said, indicating wrongfully the shivering understudy, "is the goose that laid the golden egg." "Point to the other side—bird at other side," whispered an agitated prompter. No use. First Robber grew obstinate, and repeated his slander. The audience became immensely tickled, the understudy proportionately enraged. "I am not the goose, and I didn't lay an egg!" she sobbed at last. Then the audience roared, and the curtain came down. For such are the humours of touring in pantomime.

Miss Jessie Danvers, who comes of good theatrical stock, and is at present playing at Terry's Theatre, tells a good story against herself



MISS LILIAN STANLEY AS DICK WHITTINGTON, AT THE  
GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.

anent the trials and tremors which attend a first bow to the public. One of the first parts she played was the classic maid who flirts a duster or announces a caller, as required. It was in the latter duty that Miss Danvers was to distinguish herself, and the part consisted of one artless sentence, which was, "A gentleman, my Lady." It was conned over all day, and dreamt of all night, until the supreme moment arrived, when, with an air of great dignity, Miss Danvers threw open the door, ushered the stranger in, and announced, in the even tones of well-bred servitude, "A lady, my gentleman!" And the audience never saw it.



MISS ADA TWIBELL, PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE GRAND THEATRE, GLASGOW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## PASQUIER AND HIS TIMES.\*

Born in the days of Louis XV., Etienne Denis Pasquier, afterwards a Duke and Chancellor of France, lived long, saw much, and was known to have written memoirs. Here is the first instalment, and, no doubt, the best. For Pasquier lives, in these volumes, through the Revolution and the Empire. After such stirring years are over, what can remain? Grand, indeed, does this Chancellor of the Restoration look as, in his robes of office, he is made to serve as a frontispiece. But, happily, the book deals with these earlier times, when all the institutions of the old world went into the melting-pot. Whether in original memoirs from Madame Junot to Pasquier, or in interesting compilations such as those which M. Levy and M. Masson are now issuing, the world seems never to weary of the great drama which opened with the States-General and closed with Waterloo.

Whoever looks in Pasquier's memoirs for good stories, for *bon mots*, for scandals, or for adventures, will find but little to his taste. They lack vivacity and approach to the style of state papers. Meneval, whose memoirs have just been published, saw more of Napoleon and his household, and General Marbot lately gave us the moving accidents by flood and field. Pasquier is not personal, and he is not adventurous. The frontispiece suggests the whole character of this book. It is the life of a grave public man, and it is gravely set down for that other grave man, the historian of the future. He will rise up to call Pasquier, if not the translator, blessed. Even in their English coat any student of this great period may find his account in these memoirs.

"You are still too young," said Napoleon to Pasquier, "to have really known the House of Bourbon. You were hardly of this world when this Revolution began." I replied that at that date I had already been for three years a councillor in the Parliament." Pasquier was, in fact, born in 1767, and we find in his preference, here so clearly expressed, for the older times an echo of Talleyrand's well-known saying, "*Qui n'a pas vécu avant 1789 ne connaît pas la douceur de vivre.*"

This was natural in an aristocrat and an official, and, indeed, it would have required more than human fortitude to look complacently on a Revolution in which a father most unjustly lost his life. There is something touching in the firm and simple belief of the elder Pasquier, arrested in the Terror, and also a member of the Parliament, that the strength of his legal defence would save him and his colleagues before the Revolutionary Tribunal. There is something heroic in his refusal to save himself by separating his case from that of those colleagues. The younger Pasquier, the future Chancellor, was arrested later, and was liberated: but only because Robespierre and his fellow Terrorists were in their turn, at the nick of time, sent to the scaffold.

Of this awful period Pasquier says almost too little. Yet the rapid alterations of men and things, the judge and the prisoner, the minister of state and the village politician, the rich man and the beggar, changing places, and again changing—all this whirligig is shown here, as in all the memoirs of that fearful and fantastic time.

Pasquier was, he says, present at the fall of the Bastille, which was a sort of pleasant spectacle for the public. "Among them were many women of fashion, who, in order to be closer to the scene, had left their carriages some distance away." He saw the opening of the States-General and the oath of fidelity to the Constitution taken by Louis XVI. He saw that king again, seeking shelter in the Assembly, on the memorable Tenth of August. On the next day, Pasquier would have been strung up to a lamp-post as a Swiss Guard, had not a little drummer testified to his name and residence. Pasquier saw the trial and the execution of the king, and, set at liberty just in time, he witnessed, with grim satisfaction, the end of the Public Prosecutor, Fouquier-Tinville.

Then came a period of retirement. Briefly passing over the years to the end of the Directory, Pasquier (ere we reach the middle of his first volume) has brought us to the end of the century, and we find him rallied to the Government *de facto*, that of the Consulate. Henceforth these Memoirs are much more ample. Pasquier became the head of the police in Paris, and this post he retained, excepting during the Hundred Days, until he became in 1816 a minister of higher rank.

The post of Prefect of the Police was always a most responsible office. Public order in a disorderly city, and in most disorderly times, now rested with Pasquier; and so, often, did the employment and the feeding of masses of the population. He discharged his duties to the satisfaction not only of the Bourbons, but of that early and most exigent of masters, Napoleon.

The Memoirs are very full for a later period than that covered by Meneval, and give much information concerning French politics from Leipsic to Waterloo. Pasquier knew much more of the higher politics than any Chief of Police could do here. He saw, often, the very pulse

of the machine. He gives interesting character sketches of Fouché and of Talleyrand, and says much more about them. He does not flatter these arch time-servers. He confirms all that De Tocqueville had said forty years ago of the rapid return of his country to that centralised government which was the curse of the old *régime*, and is still the inheritance of every generation of Frenchmen.

The crowning and the dethroning of the kings of Europe, the making and the destruction of Constitutions, the care for legality on one day and the contempt for it on the next—all pass before us. With our six fortunate centuries of insular constitutional history, there is a bewildering rapidity in it all. We understand better even than before why Frenchmen are said to ask daily under what form of government they are living. Here, too, we realise the awful suffering of France from Napoleon's later conscriptions, and in his wars, so recklessly prolonged while a man would stand by him. And here, as if in mockery of the sacrifice of millions of lives, France, and, indeed, all Continental Europe, are seen in 1815 left bound in the hands of the Holy Alliance.

This aspect of the case did not seem to impress Pasquier. The government of the country must be carried on, and he would help to do it. He was no Fouché or Talleyrand. He was not even a disciple of "The Vicar of Bray." He took office under Napoleon, and he kept it under the Bourbons; but he

descended to no mean compliance, no tricks of coggings slaves. He stands out in these "Memoirs" as a friend of order, rather than of progress; but as an honourable man, a servant of the State, faithful and useful, and one who never despaired of his country.

## THE NEW WOMAN.

There was sorrow in that little home.

"I shall never forgive him! Never! Never!" she cried.

Then she threw herself upon a divan and wept bitterly. There was a ring at the door-bell.

"Ah, my dear mother, it is you!" she exclaimed, as a woman of commanding presence entered the room.

"It is I," was the answer. "Why do I find you weeping?"

"I have been cruelly treated by the man whom I had trusted—the man whom we led—who led me to the altar."

"Has he struck you?"

"Worse!"

"Deserted you? Left you to face poverty alone?"

"Worse! He—he asked me to mend his trousers!"

"And you?"

"I refused. And now—oh, horrors!—I cannot tell it!"

"Speak, my child, speak."

"He has worn my bicycle bloomers down to his office."

"Wretch!"

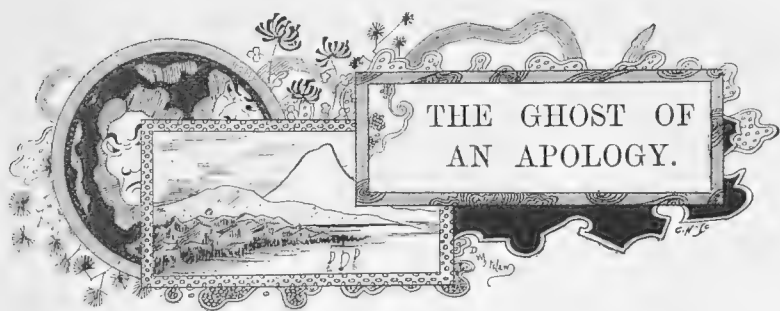
—Life.



CHANCELLOR PASQUIER.

\* "Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier, 1789-1815." Translated by Charles E. Roche. London: Fisher Unwin. Three vols., 1894.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



BY L. F. AUSTIN.

We were fellow-lodgers in Bury Street, and, in the language of diplomacy, our relations were strained. He occupied a room above mine, approached by a little staircase which adjoined the partition at the head of my bed; and as the partition was thin, and as he had a fine, athletic manner on the stairs, the noise of his coming and going was exasperating. He was always out in the morning before I rose, and he always came in at night when I had retired; so we never met. But the sound of him night and morning was incessant. To some men it is a necessity of well-being to live in a storm. The bath is accompanied by snatches of turgid song; they cannot begin the activity of the day without a clatter of heels; they cannot end it without banging a door. My neighbour was evidently in a state of bounding health; he could not give directions to the valet except in the most piercing tones of a very high voice; he could not go up and down stairs without making them reel; he could not have closed his door quietly to save his life. Noise was as indispensable to him as the breath of his nostrils.

Now I happen to have an intense and even morbid distaste for this physical exuberance. To me, the robust man who riots in disturbance is a nuisance like the whistle of a locomotive. When you have nerves which are tortured by any sudden fracture of the air, you are apt to attribute to an unseen person who moves as if he were a god in a tempest not merely a gross indelicacy of ear, but a positive moral deformity. When the street-door was slammed, waking me out of my first sleep, I listened for the ascending footsteps with stifed fury. My room was nearly at the top of the house, and as he thundered upon the landing just outside like a regiment at the charge, and paused for a moment before rushing up the little staircase, as if he were taking it by assault, I shouted sometimes with inarticulate rage, and pounded the partition above my head with clenched fist. This occurred repeatedly without attracting his attention, until one morning I heard him asking James, the valet, in the usual uproarious accents, whether the man below was out of his mind.

When James came into my room, I was boiling.

"Well, what answer did you make?" I inquired.

"Answer? What to, Sir?"

"Didn't that fellow upstairs ask you if I were a madman?"

James put down the can of hot water, and smiled in the deprecating way of one who has observed hallucinations among the social phenomena up several flights of stairs.

"Oh dear, no, Sir," he said, taking up a hat and brushing it thoughtfully.

"I tell you I heard him distinctly. What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything," replied the discreet James. "Mr. Somerset talks a little loud, but he doesn't mean it."

"And he doesn't mean to make a hideous row, I suppose, every night and morning. Which of us is the madman, eh?"

James smiled again, as though this were a pleasantry it was not his place to criticise; then he brushed the hat with an extravagance of professional interest.

"Well, you can tell him, with my compliments, that if he imagines himself a thunderbolt he will need a keeper before I shall."

"Yes, Sir," said James gravely. "Better put on your thicker under-things, Sir: it's turned much colder this morning."

Possibly I disregarded this advice, for that night I went to bed with a heavy cold, and next day there were disagreeable symptoms of low fever. There was also the customary eruption on the staircase—more violent than ever, as it seemed to me in the new irritation of illness. This was too much. I did not suppose that James had delivered my cartel of defiance, but it was evident that my antagonist was maliciously bent on fresh annoyance.

"Hallo! you Somerset!" I roared.

"Damn your impertinence! What do you want?" answered his shrill voice at my door.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, and don't make such an infernal din!"

He went off in a peal of laughter, infuriating to a man stretched helpless in bed, unable to get to explanations at close quarters.

"Hang you for an idiot!" I yelled.

He stamped down the stairs, laughing all the way, and I fell back on the pillow, choking. A few minutes later James appeared, silent and serene.

"Did you hear that?" I gasped.

"Oh, yes, Sir, I heard Mr. Somerset. He has a hearty laugh."

"It's no laughing matter—he has insulted me grossly."

"Has he, indeed, Sir?" said the valet, taking up the inevitable hat.

"Confound it, man! put that hat down, and give me a pen. I am not well enough to get up and have it out with him, but I'll write him a letter that will penetrate his hide."

James gazed at the ceiling, as if striving to reconcile this metaphor with the eternal verities.

I gnawed the end of the pen in a feverish quest for cutting sarcasm. As I do not feel proud of that letter now, I will not set down its terms; but the substance of it was that people who are training for hurdle-races or acrobatic feats ought not to rehearse in places where noise is as great a nuisance to their neighbours as bad manners.

James took the letter impassively, and I lay in bed all day, meditating irony much more biting than anything I had written, and waiting for the obnoxious footsteps. They did not come. I slept soundly without being roused by the familiar crash. In the morning all was still in the room above. James explained that Mr. Somerset had not returned, but had telegraphed for his portmanteau and his letters. Probably he would answer my agreeable missive by post, and I spent some hours of convalescence in wondering whether he had any considerable gift of polished retort. But a week passed in unbroken quiet and he made no sign.

"Mr. Somerset has not answered my letter, James," I remarked to the valet.

"Hasn't he, really, Sir?" said James, in a tone of deferential surprise.

"Have you heard from him?"

"Oh yes, Sir, this morning; but he didn't send any message for you."

There was a suspicion of mockery in this, and I looked at him hard, but saw absolutely nothing in his face to suggest the sardonic humorist. James was trim and middle-aged, with a certain fixity of gaze and a tightness about the mouth, symbols, no doubt, of that mental concentration which belongs to a life spent in brushing trousers.

This was the first morning I was able to leave my room, and as I dressed I could not help thinking that there was, after all, something odd in the valet's manner. Somerset had lodged in the house for ten years, and it was quite possible that James was a good deal attached to him. There might be, for aught I knew, confidential relations between them. Certainly, when I came to think of it, there was a note of pride in the valet's tone as he spoke of the letter he had received. It was like the pride of an old servant, shrewd and reticent, who permits himself only in this fleeting way any suggestion of the confidence reposed in him.

This might be only an idle fancy of mine, but it nettled my curiosity; possibly it ignited a spark of jealousy. What was it in this bull-in-a-china-shop, who had been so offensive to me—what was it that made him a hero to his valet?

Just then I heard James moving about in the room overhead. He was energetic with the coal-scuttle; a match was struck; he was lighting the fire. Clearly Somerset was expected back; at any rate, I should like to question James on the subject. So I finished dressing, and walked up the little staircase softly and elegantly—such a contrast to the deportment of the absent genius of tumult; such a lesson if he could only have witnessed it!

I opened the bedroom-door quietly, and beheld a curious sight. James was on his knees, busy with a small drawer full of packets of letters which he was burning. The first of them was in the fire, and a brilliant tongue of flame glittered in the glass of a large photograph in a frame on the dressing-table. It was the picture of a woman, evidently a beautiful creature, with rather heavy eyebrows, which, in the peculiar light, gave the face an expression of scornful amusement.

The valet raised his head, and was on his feet in an instant.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said, "this is Mr. Somerset's room."

"With which you seem to be making rather free." His voice annoyed me, though it was perfectly respectful.

"I have Mr. Somerset's orders to destroy these letters—but not in your presence, Sir," he added, looking straight at me with those eyes which had stared so long at clothes-brushes that they had lost all speculation.

I was not in a position to argue the point, so there was nothing open but retreat.

"Very good, James. I don't wish to pry into other people's affairs, especially in small drawers which I presume they are in the habit of keeping locked. I merely wanted to ask you whether Mr. Somerset will return to-day."

Strangely enough, it was this innocent question which disturbed his equanimity. He stooped to pick up a bundle of letters with a trembling hand, and when he looked at me again he was very pale. Still he answered steadily, "No, Sir; he will not."

I went away, completely puzzled and more curious than ever. Here was a mystery, and I liked mysteries. All my resentment against Somerset had died out, and it was succeeded by a sentiment of respect—even of admiration—for this man I had never seen who had a secret, which seemed to carry a foreboding. The valet's pallid face came between me and my work; I saw it as I walked along the street. It thrust itself



even among the "types of beauty" in the shop-window where I was wont to seek pictorial refreshment of an afternoon. I bought a paper, and the face was in the leading article, dim, but visible. I turned the page, and the haunting image gazed at me with vivid distinctness from a paragraph headed "Fatal Accident on the Brighton Railway." A mangled body had been found that morning by some platelayers in a tunnel, and identified as—Good God!—Mr. Henry Somerset. "It appears that the unfortunate gentleman, who had been staying at the Hotel Métropole, Brighton, for the past week, was returning to town by the midnight train, and it is supposed that the door of the compartment must have been unfastened, and that, in leaning against it, he was thrown out. Mr. Somerset, who was about thirty-five years of age, was a civil engineer, and had made striking progress in his profession. He was an Oxford man, celebrated at the University in his day for his prowess as an athlete, and extremely popular among his friends for his geniality and high spirits. Mr. Somerset was unmarried. We understand that all who were privileged to know him are agreed that there was absolutely no motive for suicide. He was in the prime of health, vigour, and prosperity."

I was perfectly dazed, and read this piece of news again and again, especially the last sentence, before I could attach any meaning to it. Then I remembered James's agitation when he answered my question about Somerset's return. The valet was one of those who were privileged to know that hapless man. And how had he learned early this morning that Somerset would not come back to-day? "No, he will not!" Was there some ghastly certainty in those simple words?

It was past midnight when I returned to the house in Bury Street, with shaken nerves. In the hall there was a ledge on which the bedroom candlesticks of the inmates were placed by James before he retired to rest in the basement. As a rule, at this hour, there were two candles on the ledge, my own and Somerset's. And there were two now! James had forgotten that one would not be needed, or had he purposely left it there? I felt irritated by this perversity, and had half a mind to call him up. Lighting my candle at the little jet of gas, which burned all night, I was turning towards the stairs, when my foot struck against something in a dark angle of the passage. I stooped to examine the obstruction, and saw with a sudden shiver that it was Somerset's portmanteau. Had it been his body I could scarcely have had a greater shock. This inanimate thing had been within touch of him when he met his death. There was about it all the horror of a witness. If it could speak, it could tell whether he fell out of the carriage by accident, or whether—!

I stumbled upstairs to my rooms with curdling veins; and only when I had shut the door and turned the key did I seem able to breathe. Up went the gas; what a comfort it was to see my surroundings reduced to their rational proportions! The bedstead was solid; there was a cheering conviction of reality in the wardrobe, though its profession of mahogany may have been only veneer. A photograph of an old friend on the mantelpiece recalled an amusing story. Let me see—how did it go? He was returning from a dinner-party—oh, of course, I remembered it perfectly—and the horse would walk on the pavement, and stare at the posters on the hoardings; and just when they got to the Archway Tavern—My God! what was that?

Quite distinctly I heard the street-door closed; there were steps in the hall; somebody was taking a candlestick—the other candlestick! Then the steps began to ascend very softly, not with the roystering carelessness I knew so well. It could not be *he*! It must be some belated or unexpected lodger on a lower floor. No; the steps came up higher—higher; they reached the landing; they paused outside my door. Then there was a gentle tap.

For a moment I thought I was utterly incapable of speech; then my voice burst from me in a shriek—

"Who is it?"

"It is I—Somerset. I want to apologise to you for having disturbed you so much. I was very thoughtless and inconsiderate. James sent me word that you were ill. I am really very sorry. But you won't have to complain any more. I am quiet now—very quiet—quiet."

These were not the boisterous tones of old. He spoke so low that I could scarcely catch the words, and they died away in a sigh. Then the steps went up the little staircase—less like footfalls than like a rustle of wind.

I sat on the bed in a cold sweat. Was this an hallucination? Or—the thought rose with the healing wings of new-born hope—had there been a blunder in the identification of the body in the tunnel? His portmanteau was in the hall. I had heard his voice. He had spoken to me with kindness and forbearance. Thank God, he was safe and sound! But I—what a miserable creature I was! I had made no return for his goodwill. I had not thanked him for overlooking that damnable letter. He was a gentleman every inch of him, and I was a poltroon and a fool. Stay! It was not too late to make amends. He was in his room. I would go there, and clasp his hand, and we would thank heaven together for his preservation.

I seized the candle, and I had opened the door, when there was a crash of glass above, and then a cry—a long cry of anguish—followed by a convulsive sob.

I bounded up the staircase shouting, "I'm coming, Somerset; I'll help you, man!"

But the room was empty. In a flash I saw two things—the small drawer had been pulled out—the drawer which contained the letters that James had burnt—and on the floor, with the glass face smashed to atoms, lay the picture of the woman.

I must have swooned, for when I came to myself James was bending over me with anxious scrutiny.

"You have seen him?" were his first words.

"No, but he has been here," I answered.

He glanced at the fallen photograph with a frown, and then very wistfully at the open drawer, muttering, "He might have trusted me."

"Yes, James," I said; "but perhaps he repented, and wished to see the letters again."

The valet's face was suddenly illuminated by the most wonderful look of fidelity and affection I have ever seen in a man's eyes. It was gone in an instant, and in his old, phlegmatic way he said: "Hadn't you better get to bed, Sir?"

He stayed in my room, sleeping in the easy-chair, while I tossed in half-delirious slumber. In the morning I was roused by his entrance with the hot water. There was not a trace of the night's emotion in his immovable features.

"The inquest is to-day, James," I said, eyeing him narrowly.

"I know, Sir."

"You read that paragraph in the *St. James's Gazette* yesterday?"

"I did, Sir."

"And you, as one of those who were privileged to know him, absolutely repudiate the idea of suicide?"

He was silent.

"You will give evidence, James?"

"Not a word, Sir."

After a while I said, "It was good of him not to be offended by that stupid letter of mine."

He looked at me with sharp suspicion.

"How do you know that, Sir?"

"He stood at my door last night, James, and apologised to me. He said you had sent him word that I was ill, and the letter was not even mentioned."

The valet scowled. I believe he was jealous of that unearthly visit!

"Mr. Somerset never had your letter," he said sullenly. "I didn't send it."

"Then you took a great liberty, James."

"Oh yes, Sir!" said he, brushing my hat with much energy.

### "Q."

Whatever else the *Speaker* has done, or failed to do, it can honestly boast of having been the channel through which has passed some of

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's best work. The signature "Q," subscribed to his delightful stories, soon led to its owner being traced to a certain blithe young Cornishman, with the traditional blue eyes and curly hair which distinguish sons of the Duchy. Others in previous generations have taken "Q" for their *lettre de plume*—Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Purnell, to mention only a couple—but for readers of to-day there exists only one "Q," he whom "Grip" has portrayed herewith. He has become the Brett of literature by his word-pictures of Cornwall, just as Mr. Norris might be compared to Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, or Mr. William Black to Sir John E. Millais in his appreciation of Scotland. Mr. Quiller-Couch is no longer one of the coming men: he has arrived. He knows his *métier*, and rarely gets out of the depth of those blue waters which wash the cruel Cornish rocks. Down at lovely Fowey he works with an industry which might, in some counties, exhaust the mine; but, fortunately, there are in Cornwall numbers of characters and events still awaiting the happy humour of Mr. Quiller-Couch. Beyond

his own output, "Q" is literary adviser to an eminent firm, and "tastes" scores of books, which, fortunately or unfortunately, never see the light of the publisher's shop.

### SOMETHING SUBTLE.

"I've been pondering over a very singular thing."

"What is it?"

"How putting a ring on a woman's third finger should place you under that woman's thumb."



"Q."





PICK-A-BACK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

## A DELICATE EXPEDIENT.

Virginia asked me to take her out for a row. So I, of course, tucked a big red cushion under each arm and straightway went down to the boat-house. For Virginia had promised herself to me in marriage, and I, perforce, obeyed her always and implicitly, as is the custom in such cases.

I had been staying for some weeks with her people, who had a country house on the western shore of Lake—well, the name doesn't matter. We had been together a great deal, and I had learned to read Virginia's moods from the expression of her adorable little mouth. On this particular occasion her lips were pressed tightly together, which symptom meant, in my code, that a storm was brewing; and so, after her ladyship had settled herself comfortably among the cushions, I, saying nothing, sculled steadily away from the shore for some minutes. And, besides, it was one of those gorgeous autumn afternoons that make one silent. Little Will-o'-the-Wisps of sunlight were dancing with the ripples on the surface of the lake. The trees on the shore, like coquettes who are conscious of having lost the full bloom of their beauty, had dressed themselves in gaudy suits of scarlet and orange, as if hoping by brilliancy of colour to hide the tragedy of decay that makes autumn so infinitely pathetic. Ever and anon an adventurous trout would spring out of the water to look at the deep blue of the sky, and great golden bumble-bees went buzzing over our heads in their transit across the lake in search of fresh plunder.

Watching these things, I was almost unmindful of Virginia's presence, and I started when she said sharply, "You're not very amusing this afternoon."

I smiled an answer, whereupon she immediately cleared decks for action, and said, with a fine air of irony, "If only your dear Mrs. Carruthers were here, you would soon find plenty to say. I'm sure the way you went on with her at lunch was simply disgraceful. Not that I am jealous of her; you needn't think that!"

Mrs. Carruthers was a fellow-guest of mine, who possessed a great many of the alluring qualities of a young widow.

"She's a horrid flirt!"

"Virgie!"

"She is, and you know it. You can't call her pretty!"

"Well, dear, I suppose I mayn't; but I have heard lots of fellows say they thought she was a brick."

"Brick or no brick, she's forty, if she's a day."

"She probably is a day, but forty—no, shall we say thirty-nine?"

This was ingenious on my part, seeing that Virginia and I both knew that Mrs. Carruthers was not yet twenty-six.

Virginia flushed, and looked at me with her lower lip quivering.

"George, when you are sarcastic I almost hate you!"

"Dear!" said I, reproachfully, accentuating the *e* vowel-sound, to make the little word seem more caressing.

"I wish I had never met you—I hate being engaged, anyway—and we seem to be always quarrelling."

"It takes two to make a quarrel, Virgie, and I'm sure I'm in the best of tempers."

"That's the aggravating part of it. You sit there smiling, and I can't make you angry."

To my shame be it said, I burst out laughing. The moment after I was sorry, for the tears began to gather in her eyes, and I can't bear that, and, more ominous still, she was fidgeting with her engagement ring. Now this really alarmed me. As a rule, our engagement was broken and re-cemented once a week; only the afternoon before we had gone through the ceremony. If it were going to happen once every day there were elements of danger in the custom which it was desirable to avoid.

But before I had time to sue for forgiveness, Virginia took off the little gold band, and, after a moment's hesitation, flung it into the lake. And then she looked straight at me, with a brave show of defiance, although the tell-tale mouth let me know that she was frightened at what she had done. I was more hurt than words can say, and with a few swift strokes turned the boat's head homewards. But I couldn't bear to leave the ring behind, and I determined to dive for it. I shipped my oars, and took off my coat. Virginia pretended to take no notice. Then, watching her closely, I began to untie my shoe-laces. Still she pretended not to see. Then I took off my belt and shoes, and placed the contents of my trousers pockets in a neat little heap in the bottom of the boat.

Virginia's eyes met mine, and she said tremulously, "What are you going to do, George?"

"Dive for the ring, Virginia."

"Can you swim?"

"No."

I couldn't resist this fib. It would have spoilt it all if I had told her that I, at Eton, had held the school championship for three years in succession.

"George, dear, can't we let the men dredge for it?"

"How should we ever remember the exact spot where it went down? No!"—this with a slight touch of melodrama—"I must take the risk. And, Virgie, if I should not—come up, don't you know—tell them that I fell overboard."

Virginia gave vent to a scream. Not one of those *staccato* notes that the mention of a mouse will generally bring from women, but a genuine scream of fear.

"George, please—please don't! I am so sorry I was jealous and cross and wicked."

And the tears began to show themselves again, so, without more ado,

I went to the bow and took a header. I found that the water was only about ten feet deep, but the ring was not to be seen. On coming up for breath, I found poor Virginia brandishing an oar over the side of the boat, with a view to saving my life, if possible.—I seized it with much show of distress, and waited until I got my breath. Virginia implored me to come back into the boat, but I was obdurate. After the third dive I returned to the surface, triumphantly holding out the object of my search. I swam to the side of the boat, and, taking hold of Virginia's left hand, I replaced the ring on her finger. We made many vows and promises, and it was not before some minutes had expired that I began to realise that I was getting awfully cold. Clambering back into the boat with some difficulty, I pulled back to the house as quickly as I could. As we came in sight of the lawn, Virginia exclaimed, "Of course, there's that horrid Mrs. Carruthers waiting for you."

"Horrid, did you say, Virgie?"

"Oh! I forgot, George, dear; but Mrs. Carruthers is there, at any rate. What will she think? What shall I tell her?"

"We'll say I caught a crab and overbalanced myself into the water."

"But do I look as if I had been crying?"

She did unmistakably, but before I had time to answer her we arrived at the landing-stage. Mrs. Carruthers greeted me with—

"Why, what on earth have you been doing?"

"Poor George fell into the water," replied Virginia, with a winning smile, "and I saved his life with an oar. Didn't I, George?"

All through dinner that evening Mrs. Carruthers chaffed me unmercifully. I bore her raillery with great fortitude, and afterwards, when Virginia and I were sitting on the piazza in front of the house, we made a solemn resolution that we wouldn't break our engagement again for a whole calendar month—at the very most!

GILBERT BURGESS.

## FROM THE SUBURBS.

It rushes home, our one express,  
So cheerfully, no one would guess  
The weight it carries

Of weary husbands, back from town,  
For each of whom, in festal gown,  
A fond wife tarries.

For each of whom a better half  
At even serves the fatted calf,  
In strange disguises,

At anxious boards of all degree,  
Down to the simple egg at tea,  
Which love devises.

For whom all day, disconsolate,  
Deserted villas have to wait.  
Detached and semi—

Barred by their own affairs, which are  
As hard to pass through as the far-  
Famed Alpine Gemmi.

Sometimes as I at leisure roam,  
At ease through my suburban home,  
I wonder sadly,

If men will always come and go  
In such great numbers to and fro,  
So fast and madly.

I muse on what the spell can be  
Which causes this activity?  
Who of our sages

The potent charm has meted out,  
To tall and thin, to short and stout,  
Of varying ages?

May be (conjecture rarely flags)  
The magic lies within the bags  
Which journey ever

In such a black, mysterious way,  
With punctual owners every day,  
And fail them never.

In some, perhaps, sweet flowers lie,  
Sweet flowers which shape a destiny  
To pain or pleasure,

Or lady's glove, or ringlet bright,  
With many another keepsake light,  
Which true knights treasure.

May be—may be—Romance is rife,  
Despite our busy, bustling life,  
And rules us gaily,

And shows no sign of weariness,  
But in our very own "express"  
Does travel daily.

DOLLIE RADFORD.



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XXXIII.—MR. GIBBONS AND THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL."

"How on earth do all the ladies' papers manage to live?" was the question, the other day, at our informal club lunch discussion; and so many excellent reasons why none of them can possibly pay were advanced that in the end my curiosity was aroused to the point of making inquiries, so I determined to go to headquarters; and, since I learnt by inquiry among my friends the *Lady's Pictorial* is headquarters, I went to the handsome building at the corner of the Strand and Surrey Street. I was shown into a room that took my breath away, or so much as remained after climbing the stairs. I am well acquainted with editors' offices, from the marbled splendours of the *Daily Telegraph* down to the sort of big cupboard on the backstairs where to this day sits the gentleman who accepted and used, but never paid for, my early efforts in journalism. Yet never have I seen before such a handsome, tasteful, and comfortable room as that in which sits the editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*.

"How on earth do all the ladies' papers manage to live?" said I to Mr. Gibbons.

"They don't *all* live," he answered. "How do *we* manage to live? That's easily answered. By selling a vast number of copies, and getting any number of advertisements. That's how we manage to live."

"It sounds very simple," I replied; "but with so many rivals—I beg your pardon, competitors—the struggle for life must be severe, even for you."

"I wouldn't diminish the competition a bit," said he, "if I could. Why, it's the competition that keeps us awake and makes us successful. If we had no competition we might believe that we were near perfection; as it is, each time the others get near us we have to put our backs into it and bustle along, so as to get ahead again. And let me tell you this, that the paper has made some advance every one or the fourteen years of its existence."

"Fourteen years! Are you as old as that? Please tell me something of the birth of the paper."

"Well, fourteen years ago—I was a City man, even then with a hobby for illustrated papers, and a great interest in all matters connected with dress—the idea came into my mind that there was room for an illustrated ladies' paper; for the *Queen*, though it published pictures and fashion blocks, did not then attempt to keep up to date in the way of illustration, so I resolved to have a try. In September, 1880, I brought out the first number of the *Lady's Pictorial*, a threepenny monthly paper for ladies, with not only fashion pictures but illustrations of current matters. 'Pilotelle' worked for my first number. Here it is."

He showed it to me, and though it is smaller in size than the present issue, and, of course, in no respect of such high quality, I could see in it the germ of the ideas that have made the success of the current numbers.

"In the March of next year I was able to make it weekly instead of monthly, but still kept it at threepence until 1884, when we increased the size, made several improvements, and brought it out at sixpence. You will see that it was substantially the same as it is now."

"And what made such a success of it?" I asked.

"Partly because I was splendidly backed, both with unlimited capital and sound advice, by Sir William and Mr. Charles Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, and partly the fact that I love my work—apart from any question of failure or success, of loss or gain, I take a sincere interest in it, and all the time my mind is full of thoughts of development and improvement. Why, I take a positive pleasure in general management and selection of suitable material, and also in 'making up' the paper—rather a complicated job, as you are aware—and find the work of nice adjustment as fascinating as any game. One reason why literary men often prove indifferent editors of illustrated papers is that they find 'the make-up' uninteresting, and scamp it. Our success, too, has been largely helped by the early employment of 'process' work, which I have used from the first."

"How far back did you use half-tone blocks?" I inquired.

We looked through two or three volumes and came to a Meisenbach portrait in 1882 of Signora Palladino, the charming dancer at present appearing in "La Pastorale," at the Palace Theatre.

"I was, I believe, the first to use one," he said. "Probably other important factors in the paper's success are the large employment of women writers, the high quality of the artistic side of the paper, and the recognition of the fact that one need not go to Paris for fashions."

"Not to Paris for fashions?"

"Not a bit. I don't mean that Paris has not still a great influence on dress, but it is no longer needful to get the French fashion-plate, such as the *Queen* used to publish. In London from the first-class houses we can learn everything of any importance or interest concerning the fashions, and our artists get materials for sketches of the latest style in all matters of costume."

"And the artists?"

"I have a theory that, since we must have some, indeed, a good deal, of purely conventional illustration in the way of fashion, we ought to balance it by strongly unconventional work, and so I choose for illustrators strongly original unconventional artists. I could give you a wonderful list of men who have drawn and are still drawing for us. Maurice Greiffenhagen, J. Bernard Partridge, F. H. Townsend, Fred Pegram, Dudley Hardy, A. Forestier, J. F. Sullivan—Fancy employing a genuinely comic artist in a ladies' paper!—'Mars,' &c. Some of them have made their real start by working for us, since I don't care a rap about the name if the work be good."

"Lady artists, I suppose, also receive recognition?"

"Certainly. I ought to specially mention Miss C. Devine and Miss G. Demain Hammond; indeed, whenever I can use a woman's work I do. We make a great feature of providing reproductions of ladies' exhibits at the Academy and other galleries. Let me tell you one thing I have learnt: Whenever a woman can do newspaper work at all, she does it a great deal better than a man." At this pretty Miss Florence Mulleneux, the "Florence" of *The Sketch*, who was sitting at the table doing some work, smiled triumphantly.

"They do their work more conscientiously and punctually, and are vastly more reliable."

"Of course, I'm much obliged to you for the compliment," I answered. "Do you carry out your views?"

"Rather!" said he. "Why, with the exception of Mr. Arthur Goddard, and one of our dramatic and musical critics, myself, and the artists, the paper is produced by women for women. Mrs. Whitley edits the paper so far as fashions are concerned, and is assistant editor for the rest, and with the aid of her husband, an artist, does our art criticism; Miss Curtis is our book reviewer; Miss Lloyd does society and fashion; Mrs. O'Donoghue is Irish correspondent; Miss Clifford acts as Paris correspondent; Miss Emily Faithfull contributes 'Woman,' also 'Northern Gossip'; Mrs. Alfred Berlyn is 'Vera'; Mrs. Conyers Morrell writes on 'The Home' and 'Fancy Work'; and Miss Florence Mulleneux is my able secretary and occasional contributor."

"And, outside the staff, who supplies the literary matter?"

"Well, not so very long ago we published photographs and biographies of the leading English lady journalists, and nearly all of them have been contributors. I'll name but a few: Mrs. Lynn Linton; Mrs. Fenwick Miller, Miss Vera M. Carpenter, Mrs. W. K.

Clifford, Lady Colin Campbell, Mrs. Stannard, Mrs. Erskine Clarke, and Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon. Of course, I don't say we never employ men. We have had two novels by Mr. Marion Crawford and one by Mr. W. E. Norris."

At this moment someone came in and asked a question about the possibility of issuing a reprint of the Christmas Number. "Impossible," replied Mr. Gibbons firmly, and, turning to me, observed: "Sold out again. We were the first to do an unconventional plate for the Christmas Number, and the idea has proved an immense success. We sold 175,000 numbers of the 'Queen of the Roses,' which Corcos painted. I have the original up there: pretty, isn't it?"

"Do you have ladies for all the troublesome correspondence columns?"

"Certainly, though, mind you, we don't bother much about cookery, and leave home-dressmaking severely alone. You see, I have the theory that ladies who can afford to spend sixpence in buying the *Lady's Pictorial* also can afford to keep proper servants and go to good dressmakers. The 'New Woman?'—Oh, bother the 'New Woman!' We are simply on the side of the womanly woman. It isn't our business to indulge in strong views on any subject, but merely to put what we think right views firmly."

Somehow we wandered off the track of the interview, for a casual question as to a polychrome Delft plate started him on the subject of art. His real hobbies seem editing and the actual manipulation of illustration and letterpress. I found that, practically as a matter of love, he is arranging for press a children's book, "Dick Whittington," and the pantomime book of words for Sir Augustus Harris. The last words I heard him utter, however, touched the paper, and were to the point.

"We don't give ourselves airs. We believe in taking pains, and we are never satisfied, though I hope and believe our readers are. The standard of perfection at which we aim is like the horizon: it recedes as we advance, yet we never abate our struggle for progress, though we make our goal unattainable."



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. GIBBONS.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Certainly, if the degraded Dreyfus wished for revenge, he has enjoyed it most completely. A few days have gone, and the French Ministry and the President of the Republic are not, and men are beginning to ask themselves whether France is capable of governing herself in a fairly stable and tolerable way. The only obstacle to a new French Revolution seems to be that there is nothing in particular to revolute against, as American papers have it; there can be no rising against authority, for there is no authority to rise against. Hardly any politician, if honest, can get others to admit his honesty; France believes that she is governed by a tribe with red ribbons in their button-holes and blackmail in their pockets. Doubtless, the new President will do his best, with all the business ability and administrative talent that he seems to possess; but he is not the kind of person to impress the French public. And naturally, too, if we ourselves wished to found an elective sovereignty, we should hardly make a king of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman.

The French Chamber of Deputies seems, just now, much like a large and disorderly boys' school (not a public school of any traditions). What it bitterly needs is a head-master. M. Casimir-Périer was chosen to succeed the late M. Carnot because he was believed to be a strong man, fit to keep the naughty boys quiet. Everybody, M. Périer himself included, must have known that the French Ministry would come to grief over some trumpery question in a Chamber where jarring factions will always unite to turn out any Government. The expected happened. The Ministry of M. Dupuy, taking the obviously just and honest line of refusing to upset a legal decision given by the proper court, was outvoted, and fell. The President, as the figure-head of authority, was the target of all the Socialist and Radical attacks. This was precisely the crisis for which M. Périer was designed by those who chose him. The Senate was with him; the Chamber of Deputies fairly well discredited in the country. A strong man would have appealed to the country, saying, in effect, "As your executive head, I am bound to carry out your policy. Your present misrepresentatives cannot be got to do anything except rave and abuse one another and me. Kindly select another set, who will stick to their policy and their party for more than a week at a time. If their views are contrary to mine, I will then retire; if they have no settled views, we will repeat the process so long as necessary."

Something like this a strong man might have said or done; for, while in France it is unfortunately the fact that parliamentary gentlemen respect little or nothing, yet it is also true that the people has little or no respect for its parliamentary gentlemen. Wherefore M. Félix Faure has a great opportunity before him. If he be comparatively an unknown man, so, far more was Abraham Lincoln; if he be a successful shipowner, he will probably be able to choose subordinates and deal with mutinies and the spirit of them. If he began life as a tanner's apprentice, let him remember the methods of another distinguished Norman gentleman connected with the leather trade (through his mother), and apply them, with the necessary softenings, to his own time. Much was expected of Casimir, and lamentably did he collapse at the first touch of difficulty; little is expected of M. Faure, and possibly he may do much. Whereas the intended Saviour of Respectable Society lasted but a few months, it may be that "your tanner will last you seven years."

But the real disease of public life in France is that there is no one who can get himself obeyed by a sufficient number or for a sufficient time to do anything. Even Socialists, who would reduce human life to rule and method far more than any modern state has ever attempted, distinguish themselves by a pre-eminence in mutinous disorder, which will bring their Socialistic State, whenever founded, to swift ruin. By howlings and bangings of desks you may make government impossible, in a school or in a Parliament, till the heaven-born head-master appears with birch or bayonets; but you will not govern others, though you may outhowl and outbang the cyclone.

Therefore, let the new President be strong with the Faure-titude of his surname, and fortunate with the Felicity of his Christian name. "There is nothing like leather."

MARMITON.

## HOW MANY?

Lonely my little lass of three  
 Serious sat with a puzzled pout;  
 Suddenly glanced she up at me,  
 Saying, "There's one thing I can't find out.  
 I know my letters and ten times two,  
 That it's over a hundred miles to the moon—  
 But nobody seems to know—do you?  
 How many minutes they is in 'soon?'"—Puck.

## MY SUICIDE.

Up to date, I have never once committed suicide.

This is all the odder because I am not only an unsuccessful author but also a minor poet.

Not that I have avoided it without a hard struggle. Two or three times I have come very near. Last night was one of these. But this morning I have determined to take it out instead in writing this article. Perhaps that may delay the event for a day or two.

And this is how I come to be alive just at present. I was sitting yesterday at my permanent address, The Garret, Grub Street, when the postman brought back the manuscript of my story from the Assistant-Editor of the *Peagreen Quarterly*. It was a simple little idyll of country life; the Assistant-Editor declined it on the distinct ground that it "went too far for the tastes of our readers." Great Heavens! what did the man mean? The *Peagreen Quarterly*! And my pure little tale had an innocent Chloe in it, deserted by her lover, not at all in the style that is most fittingly illustrated by the shadowy impressionist. It was but a village tragedy of the sort that has happened five thousand times a year since the first introduction of accurate statistics in England. And the Editor felt it would raise a blush on the cheek of the young person. Oh, Arcadian Editor! Oh, unsophisticated public! It is the cheek of the young person that astonishes me nowadays.

The battle is hard. I felt myself beaten; and when one feels oneself beaten, the right thing is surely to beat a graceful retreat. I had money enough in pocket to secure that retreat in the most soldierly fashion. A pistol is easiest. The law of England stands in the way of one's buying any but the most unpleasant and nauseating poisons. I might treat myself as a rat, of course; but even rats have their feelings, and phosphorus paste is unnecessarily cruel to the vilest vermin: I could never bring myself to use it upon them. So the pistol alone remained. Cash in hand, though low, would cover cost of a pistol and cartridges.

Still, before I shot myself, there were obstacles in the way—five distinct obstacles. Each of the five demanded separate treatment. Till they were removed, I couldn't honourably indulge in the luxury of suicide.

First of all, there was my mother. She is dependent upon me. I couldn't shirk my responsibility by leaving her living. Then there was my invalid sister, who has no means of her own. Clearly, I couldn't throw her upon the tender mercies of the parochial authorities. And these two were serious. They live down in Somersetshire; I send them each week a fixed proportion of our family income, if any. Now, setting aside other things, it would be extremely difficult to run down to Somersetshire first (even supposing I had funds for the third-class return ticket), shoot my mother and sister off-hand, and get back safe to town in time to fulfil the other duties which would be imperative upon me before committing suicide.

Those other duties consisted, of course, in the removal of the three remaining obstacles—my wife and my two little girls, who occupy with me that commodious flat, The Garret, Grub Street. It would be comparatively easy to get rid of them, no doubt, as they were there, on the spot, ready to be removed, without extra expense (beyond the price of three cartridges), at a moment's notice. At least, so it seemed, till I came to face it. But things often look so different on a nearer view. As soon as I began to consider definitely the question of means, the difficulties of the situation dawned clearer upon me. It was a horrible *impasse*. Even if I were to forego the duty of removing obstacles numbers one and two, and confine myself strictly to my immediate household, or rather, flathold, the remaining obstacles were still absolutely insuperable. Which could I shoot first? Obviously, it would be impossible to shoot the little girls before the eyes of their mother; equally impossible to shoot my wife before the eyes of Elsie and Muriel. To be sure, I might send Ethel out to post a letter, and take advantage of her absence to get rid of the children; but, if so, it must be at night, when they were sound asleep; and even then a single false aim, the least trembling of my hand—I shuddered to think of it. Could I get rid of the girls, my own sweet little girls!—but, there, I won't be sentimental—and then have nerve enough left to shoot Ethel and myself? And, oh! what an unspeakable shock to my mother and Emily! They count upon me so. And the news would kill them. Or, still worse, it wouldn't. And then, what would become of them?

Besides, the sound of a pistol-shot would rouse the whole house. Neighbours would rush in before I could get well through with it. No; I must have Ethel and the children all there together, with a loaded six-shooter, and must kill us four at once, as fast as ever I could aim and fire it. But suppose I missed, or hit in a place that was not quite fatal, or got stopped half-way, and Ethel or Muriel were to live on in agony! No, I couldn't face that—I daren't even pause to think of it.

So the more I tried to arrange the thing the more impossible I found it. No combination suited. The obstacles were too much for me. At last, I leaned back in my chair and gave it up. To think a man should be so hampered and handicapped in the race for life that he hasn't even the last resort of death left open to him!

I began to wish we were in the twentieth century, and that the Lethal Chambers were in full operation.

However, cash in hand still sufficed for supper and breakfast. We supped, not ill. This morning we turned to upon porridge and milk, and I wrote this article. I hope you will perceive, in spite of appearances to the contrary, it is a strictly moral one. And it may, perhaps, be lucky enough to secure us a dinner.

The moral is this: Suicide is all very well in its way, perhaps, for the young man unattached; but the father of a family can't afford it.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The exhibition of paintings by Scottish artists, at the Grafton Gallery, is one of much interest, although it cannot be said to attain—that were almost impossible—the rare beauty of the present Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. There is one point to note, however, in regard to the whole show which is, at all events, a very pleasant continuation of the movement which has been obvious, and pleasantly obvious, for some time past in the arrangement of many galleries. The Hanging Committee, of whomsoever it may consist at the Grafton, has made it emphatically its first duty to attend to the decorative effect of

feeds his genius less with imagination and richness of effect than with the beauty of the characteristic facts of life.

Among particular portraits by Raeburn in this exhibition one should, perhaps, select the extremely fine "Mr. Wardrop, of Torban Hill" (No. 38), which is very highly distinguished for its admirable modelling and the strong vitality of its general handling. The portrait of Nathaniel Spens (No. 52), in what must be considered a more or less fancy costume—although it belonged to the gentleman's official position—



A SON OF THE CHURCH.—A. STOPPOLONI.

Now certainly he was a fair prelate;  
He was not pale as a for-pyned goost.—Chaucer.

the pictures as a whole, and to produce a final result of general beauty, rather than, upon some vacuous historical or scholastic scheme, to lump together pictures of various and incongruous detail.

The Raeburns are the first to attract the attention, which make a prominent show in the largest of the rooms. It would not be readily possible to assemble so conspicuous a collection of this distinguished artist's work as this. One's first impression, upon viewing it generally and without detailed examination, is of the man's splendid strength and virility. You find, perhaps, the lack of a great imagination, or of a rich fancy; that peculiar æsthetic beauty, that tenderness and keenness of effect which, united with grandeur and firmness, distinguish the best work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is here perhaps missing. The grandeur of style and the strength of purpose are, however, present to a rare degree. Raeburn, so this collection emphatically reminds us, in spite of his resolute austerity, his Scottish reserve, was an artist of extraordinary strength and stern accomplishment. Occasionally, indeed, his imagination sweeps abroad with large effectiveness of result; but, as a rule, he

possesses a certain largeness of idea and a richness of design and colour which is not often to be found in Raeburn's work. It belongs to the best development of this artist's great style. Even without it, there are enough pictures to show that he was a portrait-painter of the highest distinction.

The Raeburns, we have said, are the centre of attraction at this exhibition, although there are other portraits, by artists somewhat inferior, which, nevertheless, are extremely interesting. Portraits by Geddes, Nicholson, and Graham Gilbert, though not extremely attractive, though perhaps a little dry in manner and wanting in imaginative-ness, are sound and serious work. In one portrait it is a little uncertainty about the drawing, in another, a defect in the colouring, in another, some stiffness in the composition, which refuse to these men the highest titles of art.

Of a period some two centuries earlier is the work of George Jameson, who is very satisfactorily represented at this exhibition. Of a

later period—not much later—comes the portraiture of Allan Ramsay. There hangs at this exhibition a Royal Portrait, which is conspicuous for its gracefulness and for its pleasant display of French influence over him, while his portrait of the Countess of Morton has a sweetness

income probably does not exceed the sum of £400 a year. "It is no wonder," says the *Architect*, in commenting upon this fact, "that M. Puvis de Chavannes possesses only a modest studio, that contrasts strangely with those of younger and more fashionable painters. He is not, however, the only great artist in Paris who is not one of Fortune's favourites."

While loan galleries form their collections together, which hang for the short fraction of a season and then are dispersed to the generous lenders, leaving behind them the reputation of a gracious memory, the British Museum quietly increases its treasures, and makes its permanent station more durable and lasting. We learn that the authorities of the Museum are about to open a new gallery, which will contain coins, medallions, medals. From the historical point of view, nothing could be more interesting than such an exhibition, while it would have very great interest also from the artistic point of view. We welcome the idea with keenness.

Among the many curious histories of the Burlington House pictures and curios, one, recorded by "Atlas," may be briefly chronicled here. One of the exhibits is a very beautiful ivory cabinet, the property of Sir J. C. Robinson, who gave for it a Constable, and, no doubt, considered that he had effected a very good bargain; for he valued his Constable at twenty pounds, while the value of the cabinet is obviously ten times as much. The owner of the Constable, however, eventually sold it for seven hundred guineas. He must have been a man of some foresight.

The Raphael-Cartoon Gallery at South Kensington has been the field of a very curious and interesting artistic experiment, upon the lines of Captain Abney's



A SUMMER MORNING: DITTISHAM ON THE DART.—SUTTON PALMER.  
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

and a tenderness in it which, for their own quality, not of the very greatest, could scarcely be surpassed.

M. Puvis de Chavannes has recently been engaged in a somewhat superfluous labour: he has been explaining to a not very excitable world the theory upon which he has based his decorative art during the lifetime which he has made honourably famous. Versailles and other places where the decoration seemed to be inordinately heavy and oppressive, despite their obvious grandeur, disgusted his simple mind. He resolved that he would change the prevalent practice, and, instead of overweighting walls with decoration, he determined to make the walls partly speak for themselves. His figures were by way of being decorative, and nothing more. And it certainly cannot be denied that, if you grant his premises—and very plausible premises they are—M. Puvis de Chavannes has distinguished himself by great artistic successes.

It is a pity that the rewards which should have followed in the wake of such successes have not, as a matter of fact, troubled the days of M. Puvis de Chavannes. It is on record that for labour which occupied him eight years he was paid by the State a sum of £2000, and the same record states that his average



DURHAM, FROM THE OBSERVATORY FIELDS.—SUTTON PALMER.  
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

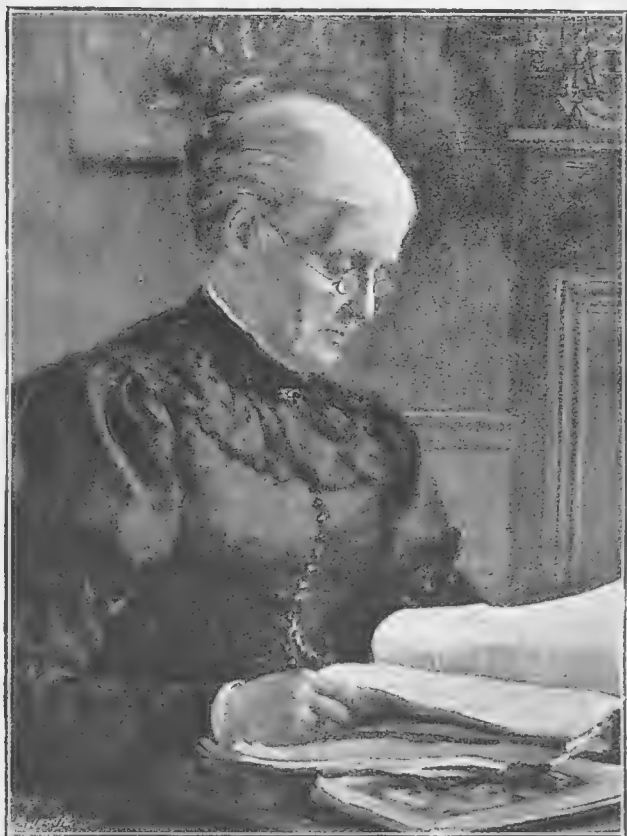


A SUMMER EVENING ON THE THAMES.—W. M. WARNRUKE.

remarkable discovery of an antidote to the hurtful effect of "actinic" rays upon paintings. That gallery is now lighted from skylight windows of coloured glass, the panes of which are alternately yellow, blue, and green. This odd combination shuts out all actinic rays, although to the eye the effect is one of white light. The result is that the authorities claim to show the pictures now—if one may believe the report of a committee of artists—in their true colours. The effect of such a discovery may be of the greatest importance, and we look for developments.

Two interesting engravings have just been issued by Mr. Frank Willis, one the result of his unaided personal labour, the other the result of his collaboration with Mr. A. Tallberg. The first is of Mr. Gladstone, and the other is an engraving of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem.





A PORTRAIT.—W. PETER WATSON.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



HUNTED DOWN.—H. G. GLINDONI.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



A COCK.—WATANABE SEITEI.

Exhibited at Mr. T. J. Larkins' Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



AN OWL.—WATANABE SEITEI.

Exhibited at Mr. T. J. Larkins' Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



MISS AIDA JENOURE AS LADY DORCAS CHETWYND  
(DISGUISED AS A WANDERING SINGER) IN "CLAUDE DUVAL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.  
*"I put on these rags as a disguise—of course, you can't see through it."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.





MISS FLORENCE LEVEY AS MISS SIPTON IN "CLAUDE DUVAL,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

*"I love you because you are rare, rich, and fragrant."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## AN AFTERNOON CALL ON MRS. HELEN TRUST.

Some years ago, at a crowded musical "At Home," where an incessant hum of voices almost drowned every song, I heard, ringing above the buzz of conversation, a clear bell-like voice, of rare quality and flexibility, singing with remarkable purity of style Grieg's "Solvejg's Lied." The voice charmed me, and, turning to look at the singer, I remained and gazed in admiration at the pale, flower-like face, mass of Titian-red hair, and gown of russet-brown velvet, that helped to make a colour scheme of great beauty.

I turned to the young man who had taken me down to refreshments, and taken down a good deal himself while getting me a warm ice and cold tea, and asked him what was the singer's name. "Oh, that's Mrs. Helen Trust," he replied; "isn't she awfully stunning? But I'm in the know, and there's a conjuror coming next; so, if you shove through there, we can get in the front."

With the grace of manner which is characteristic of the nowadays *jeunesse dorée*, he said, "Ladies first," and, pushing me in front of him, used me as a sort of battering-ram to force a way through the crowd. Luckily, an elderly lady in a garment of many colours, which suggested that she was in an acute stage of Daltonism, separated us for a moment, and, I am glad to say, for ever, and she told me the charming singer was the wife of Mr. Trust, the clever violoncellist, and likely some day to become one of our most successful singers.

Few artistes have made such rapid strides in their profession. Three years ago she sang at no less than nine "Pops," was enthusiastically received at the Norwich Festival, and at Birmingham the year before scored a remarkable triumph. Last year she toured with poor dear Madame Patey, and was with her on the fatal evening of her sudden death.

When I called on Mrs. Trust in her pretty home at Hampstead, she greeted me most cordially, and I congratulated her on the great advance she has made lately, not only in the public favour, but also in her art.

"You are very kind," she replied—and her speaking voice is full, low, and melodious. "Possibly. You see, I have a theory that in singing one either advances or recedes, but never remains long at one point. I not only practise a great deal, but still take singing lessons—in fact, I consider that I owe all my success to my professor Signor Tramenzzani's skill as teacher. For a short time I was a pupil of Manuel Garcia, at the Royal Academy of Music. Yes; before my marriage I sang a little in public, but then I had the rash confidence of youth and inexperience, and sang almost ill enough to have marred my career; still, somehow, I seemed to please the public."

"No doubt, you come of an artistic family?"

"Artistic, yes; but scarcely musical. I suppose you have seen some of the works of my great-uncle, James Stark, at the National Gallery. But I come from a musical city, for I was born at Norwich, and, after studying there some little time, went on to Paris, and also to the Naples Conservatoire. Of course, to a singer the advantages of a good French pronunciation are enormous, for, curiously enough, a foreign accent tells even more in song than in speech."

"Why, you are quite a linguist, I interrupted; "the first time I met you I remember hearing you sing one of Grieg's songs in Norwegian."

Madame Trust looked at me curiously.

"Do you speak German?" she said.

"Well, yes; anywhere except in Germany."

She smiled pleasantly.

"Then I will not suspect you of unkind criticism. I never sang a word of Norwegian in my life. Grieg I sing in German, though I seldom venture on German songs, for I fancy that my accent, even if good enough for general use, has not the flavour of the Fatherland, and that makes me dreadfully nervous."

"You nervous?" Somehow her firm, frank manner, unusually clear incisiveness of speech, and strong though mobile mouth, scarcely gives one an impression of nerves.

"Yes, and, sad to say, it does not wear off. Last summer I went for a tour through the provinces, and, though I sang the same songs day after day, there was always one terrible minute when I first faced the audience. My knees trembled, my throat dried up, and even the familiar words and music faded away for a few seconds. It is a dreadful sensation."

"But to the public you seem self-possessed, and your voice never suffers through your nervousness. I suppose, then, you prefer singing to small audiences, in a drawing-room?"

"Indeed, no; in fact, when possible, I decline to sing in rooms unless I stand on a platform, however small. Strange to say, it is very difficult to keep an audience silent when the singer is not visible; somehow, the voice alone, even if beautiful in itself, has little chance of captivating the ear of the ordinary 'At Home' guest, unless the eye also is kept engaged."

"I can well understand Mrs. Trust's theories, and yet, though I am sure she speaks—or thinks she does—on general principle, and not from personal experience, I believe that the magnetism of her strange, rare beauty would keep an audience spellbound, even if the purity of her voice and refinement of her method did not appeal so strongly to the art feelings of the concert-goer. Her songs, too, are chosen with singular taste and discrimination, and an utter disregard of the royalty system."

"Though I have heard you so often at different concerts, you do not, I think, sing many of the ordinary ballads?"

"At the beginning of my career," she answered, "when I appeared as Miss Stark, noticing the genuine success of some of my sister artistes,

I, too, thought I could, by singing some of the latter-day sentimental ballads, go straight to the heart of my audience—but I didn't. I did not care for the style of song, could not feel its pathos, and I am sure the people felt I was not in earnest. The secret of the immense popularity of some singers, whose art, voice, and method will not bear analysing, is, I believe, their perfect sincerity. However, I think some of the old English ballads delightful, and I love to sing them. As for Chaminade's songs, in their way, they are perfect gems."

"And has the stage never tempted you?" I remarked; for it seems to me that her grace of movement, perfect enunciation, and expressive face are gifts even more appreciated in opera than concert-room.

"Well, I have had several offers to sing in comic opera or operetta. The last one was from the Court Theatre, a part in 'The Venetian Singer.' Though I am very fond of acting, I have never yet thought seriously of leaving my present profession. You think it is because I am doing so well in it? And I have been fortunate enough to be associated with such clever and charming musicians and singers that, perhaps, it has helped to endear my profession to me."

We drifted on in talk and reminiscences of Joachim, Piatti, Miss Fanny Davies, Madame Patey, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, till I stood up to say good-bye, but lingered on to take one last impression of the statuesque figure draped in a tea-gown of soft greyish-green Liberty stuff, with underdress of pale coral-pink, the throat clasped by a lovely necklet of Oriental stones, glowing from pink to emerald, and above it all the glorious copper-haired breaking in ripples and waves and wrinkles, that rendered it more beautiful even than the locks of the famous Jane Hading. MINOCE.

## NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

Lovers of music in general, and opera-goers in particular, will be glad to read that Madame Patti has healed her long-standing differences with Covent Garden, and will make a welcome *rentée* there in the forthcoming season. It is announced that the *diva* will appear on six occasions, and those of us who remember her *répertoire* of some eight-and-twenty years ago are busy conjecturing in what parts it will please her to appear. In the early days of my own operatic experience, "Faust," "Don Giovanni," "Les Huguenots," "Traviata," "Romeo and Juliet," "Lucia de Lammermoor," "La Figlia del Régimento," and "Favorita" were chief, perhaps, among the operas in which Adelina Patti delighted her admirers. In many of these she had the advantage of appearing with that incomparable tenor, Mario, and she sang with him in "Favorita" on a memorable night when, if I remember rightly, he took his farewell of the English operatic stage. It is, I should think, highly probable that we shall once again listen to Madame Patti as Zerlina (one of her best acting parts) and Violetta, but whether she will venture upon the exacting music of Margherita, Juliet, or Valentina is, I fear, more than doubtful. It is interesting to recall that the wonderful *prima donna* has been on the operatic stage since 1859, that she appeared first at Covent Garden in 1861, and made a triumphant success as Margherita more than thirty years ago.

Messrs. Chappell have been singularly—or rather, plurally—unfortunate in their cellists for this season of Popular Concerts. Signor Piatti has not, as yet, been able to render his usual service, owing, I believe, to illness; Mr. W. E. Whitehouse has likewise been indisposed, though he is announced to appear shortly; and on Jan. 14 Herr Hugo Becker was absent, from sudden illness. His place was excellently supplied by Mr. Charles Ould, who joined with Lady Hallé and Messrs. Ries and Gibson in a smooth rendering of Schubert's Quartet in A minor. The effect produced by this sweet slumber-song was various: one good lady in the orchestra—where the real lovers of music sit—knitted calmly through the first two movements, but put down her needles for that finely varied third movement, which shows Schubert at his best. Mr. Bispham sang, appropriately, after the quartet, Schubert's "Der Zwerg." The accompaniment is so remarkable that I was glad Mr. Bird was brought to receive his share of the applause. I can never resist recalling Paulus, the French *comique*, when I see Mr. Bispham's face; but, as soon as he opens his mouth, the impression is dispelled, for he is an artist of the highest rank. His other selection was Purcell's "Mad Tom," which was sung with fine restraint and absolute accuracy. Mr. Leonard Borwick gave Schumann's "Fantasietücke" in nowise remarkably, but was encored. Lady Hallé played Piatti's delightful Romance in A major exquisitely, with Mr. Henry R. Bird accompanying. We were reminded of the existence of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels once or twice rather disagreeably in pianissimo passages. The concert concluded with Dvorák's Quintet in A major.

At the concert on Jan. 21, which was not crowded, Rubinstein's moderately interesting Quartet in F minor was played for the first time. Lady Hallé showed genuine enthusiasm for the work, and certainly the slow movement and the coda in the finale were good examples of Rubinstein's genius. A very great contrast was Bach's "French Overture," played by Mlle. Ilona Eibenschütz with delicacy and insight. She responded to an encore by giving a canon by Schumann. Mr. Norman Salmond sang three times; "O, Ruddier than the Cherry," he rendered with great facility. The accompaniment (played by Mr. H. R. Bird) always reminds me of footsteps pattering down a lane, hurrying to overtake the song. The concluding item was Beethoven's Trio in G minor, which sent away the audience happy in the consciousness of a pleasant evening. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., was in his old seat near the platform. LUTE.





MRS. HELEN TRUST.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. THOMSON, GROSVENOR STREET, W.



AN IMPRESSION.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



QUAKER FATHER: "Never marry for money, my son—marry for love; b—b—but see that thou dost not fall in love where there is no money."



Leslie Cullison

THE EFFECT OF ASTONISHMENT.

"Good heavens! Dennis, you 've put the saddle on backwards."  
 "Be jabbers! and I thought ye 'd loike to be facing ahead. The baste has walked backwards ever since he met that  
 boyceicle mint for three last Sathurday."



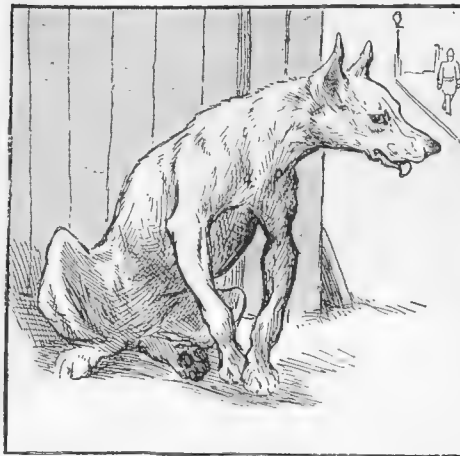


Sing a song of mudlarks, just escaped from school,  
 Four and twenty fat frogs puddling in a pool  
 Hopping in the black mud, underneath the moon,  
 Croaking in a chorus like a big bassoon.

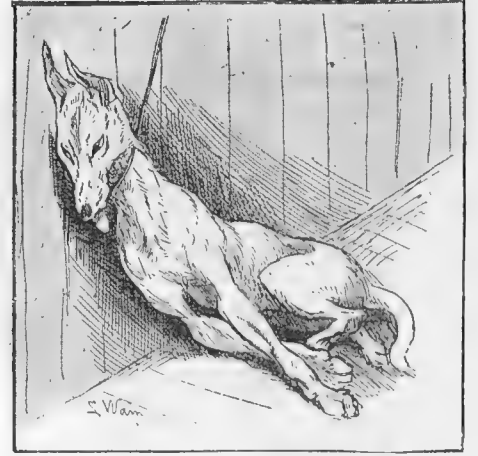




"The Law allows me one bite, yet I have only got a few square inches of cloth for my trouble, and nothing to digest it with."

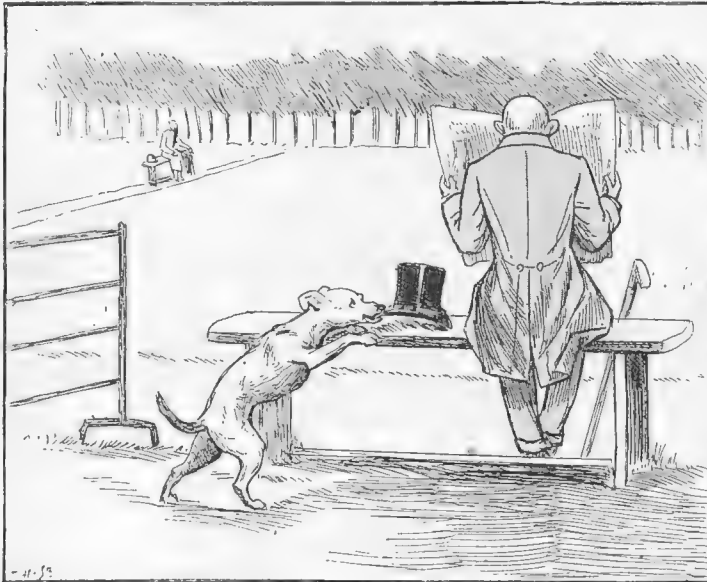


"But the Law does not say flesh or cloth. I will bite deep into a policeman: that will make it a preferential question."

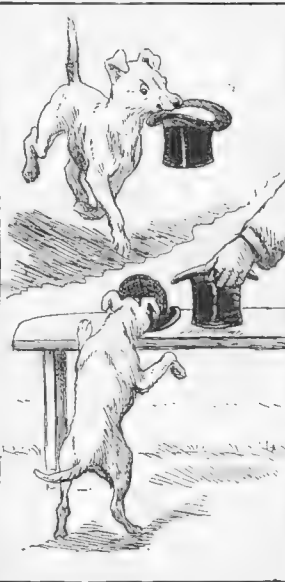


"Done! The Law allows no witness as to truth against himself."

2. Joyous success.



1. The theft.



3. Now give him my hat in exchange.

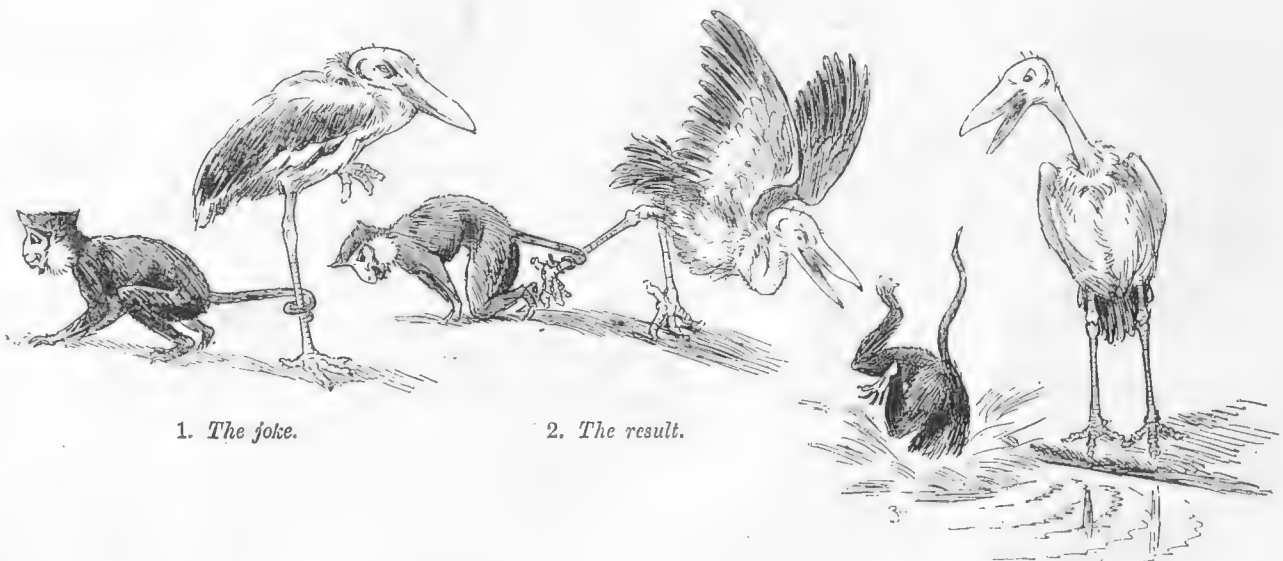


4. Exchange effected.



5. "Pity the poor blind man." The reward of merit.

ANIMAL PROPENSITIES: AN EXCHANGE BEING NO ROBBERY, ASSERTING NO CRIME.



1. The joke.

2. The result.

3. After effects.

## LOUISE ABBÉMA.

The climb to the top of 47, Rue Lafitte, near the Grand Opéra, where Mdlle. Louise Abbéma, the well-known painter, is, to use the American term, "located," fairly takes away the visitor's breath. In Paris, however, people do not think as much of stairs as we lazier Londoners, who are apt to grumble if there is no lift should we be required to mount three storeys; besides, Mdlle. Abbéma has charm and brightness sufficient to attract anyone *au cinquième*, and thus, despite her lofty situation, has never to complain of being left to solitude. On the occasion of my visit I was received by her mother, a delightful elderly lady, who speaks excellent English, and who, regretting her daughter's absence, engaged me to return punctually at one o'clock, when she was expected home. I came, of course. The artist had just finished *déjeuner*, and jumped up from table to give me a friendly hand-shake and invite me into her studio. This is a large room divided in two, or perhaps I should say two rooms thrown into one, and well lighted. The prevailing tint is sage-green, against which the rich and sombre colourings of couches and cushions show to advantage. The low hearth, with its green tiles, is surmounted by an overmantel of dark wood, handsomely carved, and having a grotesque Japanese mask of bronze inserted as a centre ornament. Above stand two Chimeras in wood, and between them on the wall is stretched some fine Japanese embroidery. Antique pottery, panels, and fragments of stuff from Eastern looms combine with the heavy Turkish rugs on the floor to give a distinctly Eastern stamp to the apartment.

"I am sorry," said Mdlle. Abbéma, "that none of my work is here now. I daresay you know I am holding an exhibition of paintings at the Georges Petit Gallery, so have nothing to show you. You must go there if you are curious."

"I shall certainly visit it, Mademoiselle, but I have already seen a great deal of your work elsewhere. You must remember that many paintings from your brush have been exhibited in London, and I have a distinct recollection of your fine portrait of Madame Séverine at last year's Exhibition of Journalists in the Rue de Sèze."

"Ah! you know Séverine? She is one of my greatest friends. What a woman! So clever! So original!"

"I have not that pleasure. Unfortunately, she is not in Paris just now."

"No; the doctors have sent her to the South for her health. Her chest is delicate. You want to know something about my life and work? Well, read what she says."

Having found me a comfortable place on a pillow-strewn divan, and placed in my hands a book of press-cuttings, which she opened at a particular page, Mdlle. Abbéma took a rocking-chair beside me and smoked a cigarette while I read. She is a little woman, this well-known artist, a woman rather Oriental in type. One cannot call her pretty, with her marked features and black hair combed flatly on her forehead almost to her eyebrows, but she is eminently interesting. Her dark eyes sparkle with intelligence, her quick movements, her animated conversation, and her mobile expression make up an interesting whole. She dresses like an Englishwoman, in a tailor-made gown, with shirt, waistcoat, and tie; and, though she does not speak a word of the tongue that her mother uses so fluently, is very English in her unconventionality.

Having completed my stolen survey, I fixed my attention on the printed page before me, sparkling with all Séverine's crisp, epigrammatic brilliance, and outspoken, terribly outspoken—but that is what Mdlle. Abbéma likes. From it I learned that the vivacious little lady was born at Etampes, near Paris. She is the great-granddaughter of Louise Contat, a charming singer in her day, and of Louis de Narbonne, himself son of Louis XV.—*bâtard de Bourbon*—so that royal blood, albeit under the bar sinister, runs in the veins of the gifted Frenchwoman.

Séverine declares the first impression Mdlle. Abbéma makes on one is that of a man, "*un petit abbé Janseniste*," the youthful scion of a noble family, courtly, *rusé*, versed in the wiles of the world, and seeing through them; stern, daring, adventurous under a polished exterior; capable of leading troops into action like his elder brothers if need be, but, on the whole, a man of peace. "She has a fateful face," says Séverine, "with long, dark, obliquely-set eyes, like those of a Buddhist idol." And then she goes on to trace the early life and subsequent career of her friend.

I laid aside the book.

"It is charming," I said, "and charmingly written. The only objection I have to make to it is that, having read Séverine's view of

you, it is difficult to detach oneself from her impressions, and to regard you in any other light."

"*Mais c'est comme ça que je veux être envisagée!*" cried the painter; and that is why I quote Séverine.

"She says you lived in Italy in your childhood, and there first manifested a taste for art."

"Yes; my father was connected with the Italian railways. We lived first at Bologna, then at Rimini, and then at Ancona. I copied here an animal, and there a peasant, and the first idea of my family was to have me taught painting on china; but I hated it—oh, how I hated it! Devedeux, a pupil of Décamps, took pity on me, and made me work at drawing for three years."

"Is it true that an old sorcerer predicted that you would be a famous artist?"

"Yes; it is a curious story. When I was a little girl of ten we were staying in Brittany, at Morlaix, in Finistère, and one day I went for a drive with a friend, a young woman painter for whom I had a prodigious admiration. She had just had some of her work hung in the Salon, and I looked on her as a genius. As the child of the party, I got the place of honour on the box-seat of the coach, and when we had driven some way, who should get into the vehicle but an old doctor from Roscoff, who was believed by the country people to be a wizard. I believe he at once spoke about me to my companion; but from my position I could hear nothing of this. However, when we descended,



MDLLE. ABBÉMA AT WORK ON HER SALON SUCCESS.

he drew me to one side and said: '*Tu seras non seulement tout ce que tu souhaites, mais tout ce que celle-ci dont la carrière est finie eût souhaité d'être.*'"

"How very extraordinary! And was your friend's career really over?"

"Yes, though we did not know it at the time. She married soon after that a man who had no sympathy with art, and who put every obstacle in her way. On the threshold of success she was stricken down by illness, and died after the birth of her child."

"Was that all the old doctor told you?"

"By no means. He made some remarkable predictions as to my future life. Much of what he said has already been accomplished, and I confidently expect the fulfilment of the rest."

"And how did events come about?"

"As far as my art life is concerned, through the fact that I attracted the notice of Carolus Duran in the Louvre, where I was copying the well-known 'Infanta' of Velasquez. He took an interest in me, a *gamine* of fourteen. Previous to that I had been studying under Chaplin, but I then left him and worked for Carolus Duran and Henner."

"Oh, you told me nothing of your time with Chaplin?"

"No? Well, with him I had one of my earliest and most valued triumphs."

"In what way?"

"One day I painted something wherein I tried to carry out an idea of my own. The other students were shocked at my departure from tradition, and prophesied that when Chaplin came round he would make matters unpleasant for me. Well, he came and sat before my easel for



a long time in silence, while the others waited to hear me crushed. Then he said, '*Ça, mon enfant, c'est du Manet.*' There was a titter, and he turned round sharply and addressed the others, '*Oui, j'ai dit du Manet, c'est-à-dire quelque chose de beau. Vous autres, les malignes, vous ferez en perpétuité des chaplinades de demoiselles en rose avec des tourterelles et des rubans bleus! Elle, cette petite, ira plus loin, beaucoup plus loin. C'est une personne.*'"

"And you really have no work here to show me?"

"Nothing but this," and Mdlle. Abbéma sought amidst half-finished studies till she found what she wanted. "It is a portrait of my grandmother, who is still living and still beautiful at the age of eighty-four. She is an Englishwoman, and married, at sixteen, my grandfather, Captain d'Astoin, who was in command of the *Corps des Pages du Roi.*" A lovely old lady, in truth, she seemed, with her smooth cheeks, fresh complexion, and white hair."

"She has never lost her English accent," said her granddaughter. "But to come back to the subject of my work. I am, as you know, largely a decorative artist, and, besides my portraits, have done panels in the Watteau style for Comtesse Jacquemont; others, Japanese this time, for Dieuvelleroy, and flower panels for Dr. Evans, a ceiling for Georges Petit, and so on. *Je sens en moi l'âme d'un peintre en bâtiments.* In the midst of an important order I was stricken down with influenza, but struggled against it. I got through four mètres of decorations for a private house this year, and two ceilings, or sixty mètres in all. It was enormous. When I was finishing the ceiling for Georges Petit, the subject being 'Music,' I fell ill. After struggling as long as possible, I sent for the doctor, and said to him, 'I will stay three whole days in bed, and swallow anything you give me, however nasty, but I must be well for Thursday, when my Exhibition opens.' And on Thursday I put in an appearance at the Gallery, but the effects still hang about me."

"What was your first exhibit at the Salon?"

"A portrait of my mother, that you will see in the next room."

"You sent some work to Chicago?"

"Yes, 'L'Amazone,' bought by the late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg."

"You have been decorated, have you not?"

"I was created *officier de l'Académie* after exhibiting the portrait of my father. Carolus Duran, Henner, and Puvion de Chavannes asked it for me at the Ministry."

Mdlle. Abbéma now showed me a fine etched portrait of her friend, Augusta Holmes, the composer, with a bar of music from one of her operas beneath it; and one of Sarah Bernhardt, another intimate—a striking likeness, in red chalk, by Walter Spindler. My note-book was now full, and having exacted a promise from Mdlle. Abbéma to come and see me on her approaching visit to London, I bade her and her mother good-bye.

C. O'CONNOR ECCLES.

## A YOUNG RECITER.

I had a five minutes' chat recently with a little boy, whose years scarcely exceed a dozen, and whose face reminded me immediately of Jean Gerardy. Master Leon Lion is his name, and he is earning renown as



Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond, Surrey.

MASTER LEON AND MISS ETHEL LION.

a reciter. He was one of the chief attractions the other day, when a fashionable audience thronged the gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists at a concert on behalf of the "Infant Prince" Fund for the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children. His mother has great taste for music, with which she has also inspired her daughter, Miss Ethel Lion, who accompanies on the piano Master Leon when he recites. The lad was first led to think of appearing in public by the kind compliments of Mr. Hermann Vezin, and he has been busy studying his art under Miss Ethel Davies.

"What kind of pieces do you recite?" I asked him.

"Oh, about fifty in all. 'David Copperfield and the Waiter' is a great favourite; then 'The Bishop and the Caterpillar' always makes a 'hit.' I give Mr. Clifford Harrison's 'Faithful unto Death,' with piano accompaniment, and that seems to please. No, I've never heard Mr. Harrison, so it is not an imitation. I want to hear him very much, because I hope some day to recite, as he does, to my own accompaniment. I am learning the piano."

"Do you like your work?"

"Oh, I thoroughly enjoy it, except that suspense before I go on to the platform; that is fearful, is it not? I go to many 'at homes,' and they are nice, except when the people *will* talk. But everyone is so kind to me that I must not complain."

"When do you learn your pieces, Master Leon?"

"At all times, when I feel in the mood. I read them through carefully, and study them, usually, walking up and down. My teacher, Miss Davies, says I use too much gesture, and I'm afraid I do forget some of her instructions when I am in the middle of a piece. I'm not French, except through my paternal grandfather. What are you laughing at? It is my paternal grandfather, I think."

"And what about your future plans?"

"I am going to Worthing in a few days, and then I am booked for different 'at homes.' Mr. Percy Armytage manages all these arrangements, and he does encourage me so kindly. We live at 49, Arlington Park Gardens, Gunnersbury, W. Yes, I'll send you one of my portraits, and please come and hear me some day, won't you?" w.



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.

MISS ESSIE JOHNSON.

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

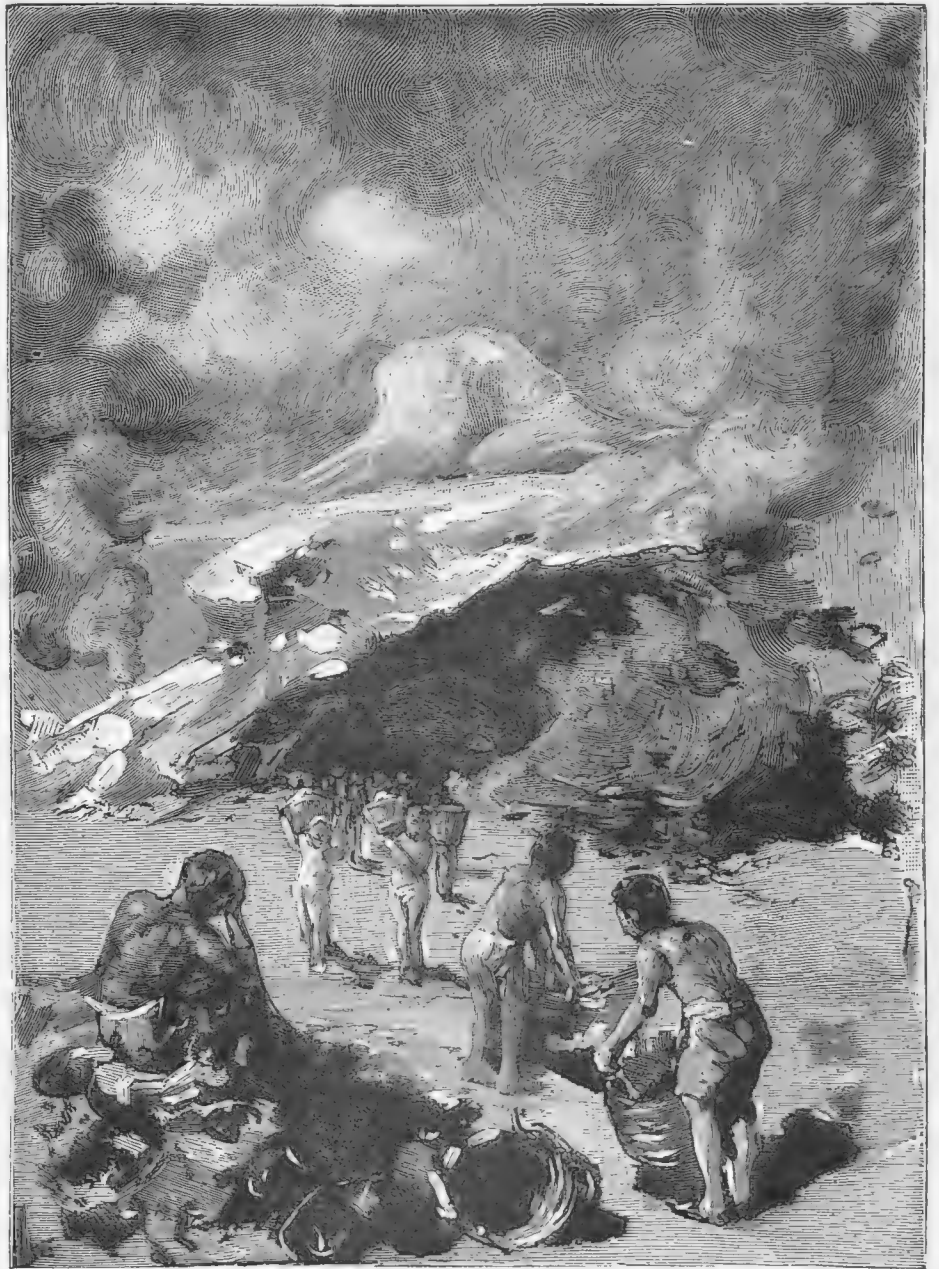
The Dowager Empress of Russia has, at the suggestion of the Princess of Wales, drunk Mariani wine since the death of her Consort. She is one of the many delicate persons with whom stimulating drugs like quinine, iron, and Peruvian bark disagree, but such is not the case with the wine tonic referred to. It is well known that the Princess of Wales also derived increased strength of brain and nerves from it during her last great trials. In consequence of the benefits obtained by the Empress, a great demand for this tonic has sprung up among ladies of the Russian aristocracy suffering from "nerves."

## THE SICILIAN CARUSI.

One of the most terrible of the abuses connected with the sulphur-mining in Sicily is the employment of boys, called *carusi*, who are physically, mentally, and morally ruined by the work they are made to do—a very traffic in human flesh, poor white slaves, on whose behalf but few voices have as yet been raised. An eye-witness thus describes a scene in a sulphur-mine: “Along these galleries and steps which lead from the outer air to the interior of the mine, whoever descends meets a continuous file of *carusi*, boys from twelve to fifteen years at most, who, holding in one hand a stinking lamp, and supporting with the other the load of ore, in sacks of canvas or in baskets of cane, and bending under the weight, ascend with difficulty, giving out at every step a groan or painful sigh which makes a sad impression upon those who are unaccustomed to the mines. Every now and then one of these unfortunates, without abandoning for a moment the heavy load which bends him double, stops for an instant as if to breathe better in that atmosphere deficient in oxygen, and saturated with disgusting emanations, and often hot and suffocating like that of a Turkish bath. After this rest, of an instant only—for they cannot halt longer without stopping the whole file who follow, and prolonging the agony of that painful ascent—the poor *caruso* sets off once more on his march, streaming with perspiration from every pore of his body, begrimed, thin, and weak from want of proper nourishment, and often deformed from continual labour, from the load out of proportion to his strength, from the necessity of remaining continually bent and curved, and from the want of air to clean and refresh the skin. It is rare to find among these unfortunate pariahs of the sulphur-mines a well-formed and well-developed boy whose body has not been in some way or other distorted. The greater number, from continually staggering under the weight of loads through those narrow, steep, damp, and slippery and stony paths, have legs crooked or strangely bowed or shaped like an X, and their knees abnormally thick and swollen, contrasting with the excessive thinness of the trembling legs, which appear about to give way at every step. Not a few, if they have their legs in place, have their spines irreparably curved, generally in strongly marked humps. Others, again, have their shoulders out of shape, one higher than the other, or both re-entering towards the chest, or with the shoulder-blades singularly developed. In short, the whole structure of these small bodies, in one way or the other, feels the effect of the fatigues and labour, out of all proportion to their strength, to which they are subjected. From their mouths, half open through panting for breath, it would seem as if their soul, their life, was being gradually exhaled—imperceptibly, if you will—but in constant progression. Their eyes, accustomed to the darkness and to tears, while they are down in those sulphurous caverns and going along those fatiguing steps, are spent, fixed, and hardened, and they only give out some signs of life when the *caruso*, having reached the outer air, absorbs in his dilated orbs the bright light of day, and wipes away the sweat and tears from his brow and face. For the *caruso* weeps, and, perhaps, tears are his chief consolation. He weeps, and slowly and silently the tears run down his cheeks while he bends under the weight of the ore and ascends the long stairs which seem to have no end. He weeps for shortness of breath, for his trembling limbs, tortured by the indescribably exhausting labour, and for the ill-treatment to which he is subjected by the men, by the excavators and miners, who, having taken the work by contract, to be paid by the result, want to send up as much material as possible, and are therefore sour-faced and inclined to cuff and kick the *carusi*, who may linger in descending or ascending. Lastly, he weeps, disgusting to say, because his body is often subjected to the obscene brutality of the men, whom it is difficult for the overseer to control or punish down in the dark entrails of the earth. For all these reasons the *caruso* weeps, without noisy explosions, but with a silent grief, easy to see from his red and swollen eyes and from the expression of his face, in which you seek in vain for a sign, even a pale and far-off reflection, of that joyousness, or for a ray of that sunshiny smile which is the blessed characteristic of human childhood.”

The sulphur-mines of Sicily had been worked on a small scale during the last century, but it is only during the last fifty years that the industry has become important. It now supports 200,000 people, and, besides agriculture, is the only other occupation of the working classes of Sicily. The sulphur is found in veins and deposits at a considerable depth below the surface, and chiefly occurs in the provinces of Caltanissetta and Girgenti, in the centre and south of the island. The minerals are the absolute property of the owner of the surface of the soil, but very few landowners work their own mines. These are generally let to contractors, who pay the landowners a fixed percentage, generally 22 per cent. of the gross produce, paid in cakes of sulphur. According to the official statistics of the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce for the year 1891, the net profit of the sulphur-mines which the landlords thus received amounted to 53 per cent., leaving 47 per cent.

for the middlemen or contractors. The interior plateau of Sicily is divided into immense estates, the hereditary feudal possessions of the Sicilian princes and barons, who claim descent from the adventurers who followed Roger the Norman, and from the Suabian and Spanish families who afterwards possessed the island. The traveller who leaves the gay scenery and populous towns of the coast, surrounded by groves of oranges and lemons, to ascend into the interior plateau is struck by the melancholy and deserted appearance of the country. Neither cottages nor farm-houses nor villas are to be seen. The entire population is huddled together in small towns, generally on the top of the hills. This disposition of population is encouraged by the local authorities for convenience of taxation. As every article of consumption that enters the town is taxed to supply the municipal exchequer, the peasants and miners are thus collected together, like sheep in a sheep-fold, convenient for the shears of the tax-gatherer. The melancholy appearance of the country is increased by the total absence of trees and



A SCENE IN THE SULPHUR-MINES.

woods. The estates, like the sulphur-mines, are let by the absentee landlords to contractors, and these middlemen work them by gangs of labourers drawn from the nearest towns, wheat being the chief and almost the only crop.

When a deposit of sulphur has been found and the mine let to a contractor, the latter proceeds to excavate a long descending shaft, on a more or less inclined plane, broken with steps of irregular height and width, till the level of the mineral is reached. The contractor generally has to borrow capital, not having any of his own. For this he has recourse to one of the larger capitalists who reside in the town, and are favoured by the Banca di Sicilia, from which they can obtain advances at the market value of money, which they then lend at a high rate of interest to the contractors. The latter employ labourers to make the shafts, paying them at the rate of so much per cubic metre. Then begins the work of the *picconiere*. The latter is paid by the *cassa*, or box, of mineral extracted and brought to the surface, but the miner cannot work without assistants. Boys are employed, who carry the mineral in sacks upon their shoulders up the shafts to the open air, to the spot designated for the purpose, near the furnaces or kilns for reducing the ore and melting the pure sulphur, which is run into cakes of about a quintal. These



boys are called *carusi*, and are generally from ten to fifteen years of age. Some remain till they are twenty, and many are under ten years of age, though this is contrary to law. Each miner requires the services of two or three boys, sometimes four, and it is the miner who pays them, as he is paid himself according to the number of *casse*, or measures, of mineral extracted. The *cassa* ought to be two mètres long, one mètre wide, and one mètre high. Formerly, girls were also employed as *carusi*, but this has almost ceased, except in the mines of Favara and Cianciana, where girls from nine to sixteen years of age work in company with the boys, being paid at the rate of 40 to 60 centimes a-day, and carrying an average of 35 kilos (77 lb.). The boys often carry from 60 to 80 kilos, but the weight is always greater than it ought to be in proportion to their strength. When the miner has no sons or small brothers of his own, he has to hire *carusi*. For this he pays to the father or family of the boy a sum in ready money, varying from 50 to 150 francs: this is called the *soccorso morto*, and remains in the hands of the family until the termination of the contract—for ten years sometimes—when it has to be repaid, without interest, to the miner before the *caruso* can be released. The miner often has to borrow this at an exorbitant rate of interest. The boy thus becomes the slave of the miner, who has the right of beating him. Sometimes, however, the miner caresses the boy, gives him ends of cigars to smoke, and urges him to labour by telling him that he is partner in the work, being paid according to the number of *casse*. The *Sindaco* of Grotta, in the province of Girgenti, the centre of the sulphur-mining district, upon being interrogated, said, "The custom here is for fathers of families, as soon as they have a boy old enough, to sell or hire him to a miner, receiving a sum of money from the latter. From that moment the boy is entirely in the power of the miner, who can beat him and make him work as he likes, or diminish his pay. It is difficult for the boy, thus become a slave, to liberate himself, and I know of boys, now become men, who, after ten or twenty years of work, are still under the yoke of the original debt."

In the province of Caltanissetta, in the four years from 1881 to 1884, out of 3872 sulphur-miners of twenty years of age taken for the conscription, only 202 were declared fit for military service.

It would not be possible to abolish suddenly by law the use of *carusi* in the sulphur-mines without at the same time stopping the sulphur-mining altogether, and thus reducing a large population to starvation. The cost of bringing up the mineral by machinery is rather less than by hand, but it entails a considerable outlay for plant, and this very few of the contractors or middlemen can afford. In 90 per cent. of the mines *carusi* are employed.

The *carusi*, of course, have no time to go to school. In the province of Caltanissetta 86 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write. The *caruso* is fed by the miner. His food is a piece of bread made of rye or adulterated flour in the morning and at midday, without any accompaniment, and he is glad to dip his crust in the rancid oil of the lamps. In the evening he has a plate of pastes, seasoned with tomatoes or oil. He sleeps all the week at the mines, huddled on the straw, pell-mell with the miners, only returning home for Sundays and *fêtes*.

Anæmia and permanent deformity of the thorax and of the spinal column are the chief causes for which the conscripts are rejected. The heat in the mines is often suffocating, and the atmosphere charged with sulphurous gases. The boys work almost naked, with only a piece of stuff round the loins. Upon reaching the light, their bodies streaming with perspiration, they have to walk the rest of the distance in the open air, in winter often in a bitterly cold wind.

The first step in any legislation for the reform of the sulphur-mining ought to be the separation of the property in the minerals from the ownership of the surface of the soil, the former to be vested in the State, which could compensate the owners in any way thought necessary. This would have the advantage, in cases where the ownership of the surface is much divided, of allowing of the working of the minerals independently, according to the natural disposition of the beds of sulphur, and would facilitate the adoption of machinery by working adjoining mines in groups, instead of in small separate works, as at present. But this, as well as every other reform, will be opposed by the large landowner. From 1860 to the present time, twenty-seven Bills for the reform of Sicilian mining have been presented to Parliament, and every one has been thrown out, either in the Senate or the Chamber, by the opposition of the Sicilian senators and deputies, who are nearly all landowners or nominees of landowners. For the present the people have been crushed under military power, but the question remains for solution, and the present Government have not the courage or the wish to attack the problem. The Government during the last ten years have expropriated, in the province of Caltanissetta alone, more than 16,000 small landowners for non-payment of taxes. They have also expropriated all the religious corporations. But they lack the courage to deal with a few hundreds of feudal owners for the benefit of the rest of the community. The *Fasci* had proposed their own solution of the mining question, which was to hire the mineral from the State, and work it by associations of miners upon co-operative principles, the establishment of a Mining Bank being also necessary in order to advance the capital required for machinery, &c. In this way the State would obtain a revenue and the miners a living wage, while both landowners and middlemen would be eliminated. But the *Fasci* have been broken up by force, their leaders are in prison, and reaction is triumphant for the time—for the time only, because the situation is too intolerable to last. The people who asked for bread have been treated to lead. But lead cannot be made digestible nor invested with the nutritious qualities of the bread which is wanting.

## NOTES FROM PARIS.

The Press of Paris has been coming to the front of late in a somewhat disagreeable manner, and the numerous charges levelled against French papers have created some sensation. Unfortunately, the fault has been in restraint of the attack rather than its expression. The big journals, like *Le Temps*, *Le Journal*, and others, are not the subject of my remarks; the small, scurrilous papers are the ones that fill me with wonder. Sometimes when in Paris I spend the afternoon on the Boulevards, reading the stuff that is offered to an excitable public. What head-lines, what a superabundance of notes of exclamation, and, after all, what froth! The editorial maxim would seem to be that no opponent can be honest. It is the old tale of the man who averred that he stood up for orthodoxy, while he defined orthodoxy as his own "doxy," and heterodoxy, that of people who did not agree with him. Libel, slander, malice, envy, and similar leading virtues run riot in the halfpenny afternoon papers of the Boulevards. Seeing how cultured the French nation is, such papers are a surprise. The duty of the editor would seem to consist in writing a column of venomous slander once a day. The papers seem to put themselves together, and no human being can say what is the chief news given until he has read the entire sheet from end to end.

Paris bristles with incongruities, despite the fact that it is in many respects a better-managed city than London. The other afternoon I had been in the Quartier Latin all the morning, and walked from one place to another until I felt tired. So I strolled quietly along the Seine, and finally entered Notre Dame. I am never tired of looking at the little half-private chapels to particular saints, and watching the people at their devotions, so I felt sure of an interesting hour. It happened that a funeral service was about to take place, so I took a seat in the aisle to watch. The lights were very dim by the altar, and one could hardly see the choristers as they passed. The music was delightful, and carried the listener right away. Notre Dame is such a beautiful cathedral, the Roman Catholic services are so impressive, that the most prosaic person may be forgiven for feeling the effect of his surroundings. I was feeling a lot better than a saint, and mentally moralising like a good book, when an attendant touched me on the arm and woke me from my day-dream. They were passing a collecting-bag round. Of course, no illusion could stand such a shock. It was impossible to restore a train of thought, the impression of the service became more and more feeble, and a few moments later I left the cathedral feeling thoroughly disturbed.

There is a pleasant and noticeable decrease in the number of Parisian gambling-dens. Some years ago these places were scandalously numerous, and as they were all run on the same lines, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they ruined quite a number of people. A friend, who knows Paris by heart, recently took me to one or two houses where baccarat and roulette are played, but the attendance seemed small, and the dens showed no symptoms of thriving. A well-known Parisian music-hall, whose name it may be prudent to suppress, was originally a gambling-den, and the way in which it was shut up by an American, who possessed even more than the average amount of native coolness, is not unworthy of passing notice.

Baccarat and roulette were the games in vogue at this house, and play was unlimited. One night an American came in, punted, lost, and went away as cool as Wenham ice. He came again and again, and then seems to have felt some suspicion as to the methods of play. One night he arrived smiling, and started backing the red on the roulette-table. He touched nothing else, and began by losing heavily. However, he kept on doubling; there was a long run of blacks, and then finally up turned zero! The croupiers were delighted, because such players very seldom came that way, but the American continued to smile and double. His capital was apparently inexhaustible, and, as there was no limit, he at length recovered his losses with a single coup. Then the bank objected. The croupiers demanded a limit, but the American was not taking any. "You did not want to limit my losses, and you shan't limit my gains," he said quietly, and, five minutes later, the bank was *hors de combat*. "There is still six thousand francs due to me," said the man of Stars and Stripes. "Well, we're not going to pay you any more," said the chief croupier. The American said nothing until he had buttoned up the bank's little all. He then left the house, summoned the police, and had the whole of the gambling gang ejected. On the site of the spot where this little episode took place, one of the best music-halls in Paris now stands.

Paris always makes me ask myself, Why hasn't London more Bohemian clubs? The cities of the Continent abound in them, and for those who do not care for clubs there are cafés and decently conducted supper-houses. The supper-clubs of London are an abomination; cafés are unknown; the majority of the Bohemian clubs have collapsed. This is surely due to bad management, because Englishmen are naturally gay. See them in Berlin or Paris, in Vienna or Buda-Pesth. Not only do they do everything that there is to do, but they enjoy themselves thoroughly. I would like to see a big club started, with fine, ample rooms, moderate subscription, fair prices, and a good *chef*. There should be a splendid band, Hungarian for choice; the club should open at eleven p.m. and close at five a.m. Women should not be eligible as members, but I would give any member the privilege of introducing a lady whom he knew personally. Play in the card-room should be limited, and a percentage of all stakes should go to the club. This plan is in practice at the Gremio Litterario of Lisbon, and is very successful. By day, there should be a café attached to the club, and for the use of the public.—B.





## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Speculators now have something to talk about in the weights for the Spring Handicaps; but those speculators who step in before the acceptances appear must be prepared to burn their fingers. At the same time, the public are often the best judges. Last year, Le Nicham was an early favourite for the Lincoln Handicap, which he won; and Childwick, the winner of the Cesarewitch, was one of the first horses backed for the race when the weights came out. Further, many 'cute speculators shovelled in the odds laid against Grey Leg for the City and Suburban directly after the decision of the Lincoln Handicap.

Mr. Dick Dunn has been sunning himself in Egypt, and, according to latest advices, he is quite rid of his old enemy, the gout. Mr. Dunn is one of the most popular members of the ring in this country; he is the

wit of the racecourse, and I may add that he oftendabbles in journalism, his racing stories being appreciated by all sportsmen. He lives close to Hurst Park, and keeps open house for all the meetings held in the Molesey enclosure. Mr. Dunn is fond of the water; and when he is not racing he travels the Upper Thames in his well-appointed steam-launch. He seldom misses the Henley fixture. Mr. Dunn has a musical voice, which has been a fortune to him, I should say, as he can make himself heard all over the ring. It is a treat to see him laying Mr. George R. Sims 100 to 6 against a "No chancer," as Dick happily terms it, but the selfsame "No chancer" generally manages to roll home, all the same. Mr. Dunn



MR. RICHARD DUNN.

is a martyr to the gout at times, and he finds it beneficial to winter out of England. He will return to this country—in the best of health, I hope—in time for the opening of flat-racing.

The "Innocents Abroad" have had a rough time of it of late. It seems, favourites go down one after another at Nice this year, while the English division at Monte Carlo have done badly both at pigeon-shooting and at the tables. Strange to add, bookmakers do the worst of all at the gaming-tables, which proves, I think, what an easy game their ordinary vocation must be.

Handicapping at any time is an arduous undertaking, but to compile the weights for races like the Lincoln Handicap and Jubilee Stakes requires a deal of work. I believe Mr. W. J. Ford gives himself a month to frame the Lincoln Handicap, although he has practically the form of every horse engaged at his fingers' ends. He does not, however, rely on the book, for he often asks for information from those who have seen horses run at meetings where he was himself unable to be present.

The late Fred Barrett was one of the boldest of our jockeys before he suffered from ill-health. He was very fond of yachting, and kept his own boat. He also, at one time, hunted often, and frequently rode Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's hunters in the Ascot district. Deceased ran greyhounds with more or less success. Fred was a very fine dancer, and he could at one time perform clog-dances quite equal to any professional.

Lord Randolph Churchill's death will cause a gap in the racing world, as he was a popular follower of the "sport of kings," and it was a sight to be remembered to see the Prince of Wales trying to cheer Lord Randolph up when he looked far from well at a Kempton meeting last year. It is a remarkable coincidence that the part owner of Molly Morgan and other good horses should have died so soon after the decease of the trainer, Robert Sherwood. Lord Randolph Churchill was, I am told, a good loser, but he was well versed in the market doings, and could argue the odds with Mr. R. H. Fry to perfection.

New owners have a difficulty in finding colours, as all the recognised tints have been appropriated. For the benefit of those concerned, I may state that many colours which were kindly suggested by Mr. Weatherby, cost, worked in silk, three guineas, and in flannel, two guineas, which cannot be considered dear. I think all jockeys riding in the winter should wear flannel, although I must admit that jockeys have told me silk is equally warm; but I do not think so.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A book of literary criticism that draws us on to read it breathlessly at a sitting is rare enough. But such is Mr. Saintsbury's "Corrected Impressions" (Heinemann). Of course, it is not a book written in a serious mood for serious-minded readers, or this could not be said of it. It is written by a man who knows all about it for people who also know all about it, or who like to be thought in that well-educated condition. It is largely autobiographic, describing Mr. Saintsbury's adventures among books. He has been a wide rover, with strong affections, however; curious, not fickle.

Or, as he himself puts it, "There are, as I take it, three kinds of literary lovers, as, perhaps, of others. There are those who only love one or a very few things, and cleave to it or them. Perhaps this is the most excellent way, though I own I do not think so. There are the inconstants, who love and who ride away. And there are those who are polygamous but faithful: that is to say, who constantly add to their loves, but never drop, forget, or slight the old. I boast myself to be of the last."

Mr. Saintsbury is not only faithful, he is broadly charitable. Even a good writer's politics, when they happen to be of a certain objectionable colour, he will forgive—though he cannot forget them. It would be difficult to match his tolerance, catholicity, and the kindness of his judgments, unless in critics who are merely sugary, which he is not. He knows how to use acid with discretion, and his spices are famous.

In these "Corrected Impressions" there are not many corrections. They are the result of a back-look on old favourites, which has happily ended in destroying very few old illusions. He reviews his first, his later, and his recent impressions of Thackeray, Tennyson, Carlyle, Mr. Swinburne, Macaulay, Browning, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Trollope, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Ruskin. Happy man that he can still read them all with discriminating, some of them with increasing enjoyment!

The secret of his lasting delight seems to be that he was always a lover of literature, not merely an enthusiast for the things written about at any particular hour. And he was always a critic. Warm heart and cool head tell here as in other love affairs. He was never of the stuff of which Browningites or Ruskinites are made, and if he lost some opportunities of fulsome hero-worship, thereby he gained something a great deal better. While the crowd were shouting noisily at the hero's gate, he was inside holding intelligent converse with the hero himself.

The charm of Mr. Saintsbury's book is the charm of good talk. There is in it no irrelevant erudition nor obscure reference that would be out of place or heavy at a dinner-table. This is not descriptive of solid literary criticism, of course, but he has taken other occasions to give us that. He has chosen here, at least, an admirable way of reviving old memories and recasting old impressions.

There are, perhaps, occasional evidences of limitations of sympathy, or so a reader with a contrary bias will sometimes think. Of the capacity of Charlotte Brontë for invention he has, naturally enough, some doubts. All evidence goes to prove that she drew almost solely from her own experiences. But her power of vivifying and transforming her experiences was so magnificent, so unusual, that to deny her "great genius" may seem grudging to a good many, and to say that "Jane Eyre" does not hold its own ground very well will run against the convictions of even a larger number. Perhaps the most glowing, and, in some ways, the most surprising, tribute is to Mr. William Morris: "I know no man of letters of my time who has been so thoroughly satisfactory all through to the critical lover of letters . . . we have in Mr. Morris what we have not had since Chaucer, and what no other nation has had since a time older than Chaucer's—a real *trouvère* of the first class." But, as I have said, there is a cool head holding the enthusiasm in check. "Everybody," says Mr. Saintsbury, "must keep a conscience, and mind it somewhere; and, for my part, I pride myself on keeping and minding it here." That he has kept it and minded it all along is the chief reason why he has had to correct so few of his former judgments.

A strange, chaotic, depressing book has appeared under the title of "The Melancholy of Stephen Allard" (Macmillan). It is far from worthless. Indeed, it is a mine of interest for those who like confessions of the kind written by Amiel and Maurice de Guérin, for though it does not in any way rival these famous journals, it quotes largely from the literature of reflective melancholy and gentle pessimism. Stephen Allard has had an enthusiastic, poetic, and studious youth, shadowed with much drudgery. He contrives to escape from the drudgery for a time, in order to have leisure to get to know himself and his relations to the universe. In his frugal retirement he tries all the solutions that have been given to the riddle of the world, and finds none of them very suitable, and reviews all the remedies that have been resorted to by other melancholy souls, without experiencing much relief. Very cheerful people will find the book impossible; those suffering at the moment from Allard's malady will find it too painful, but there is a betwixt-and-between class of readers whom it will stimulate to thought, inquiry, and, perhaps, wholesome contradiction. As a review of present-day pessimism, in all save its ugly forms, it is of distinct value.



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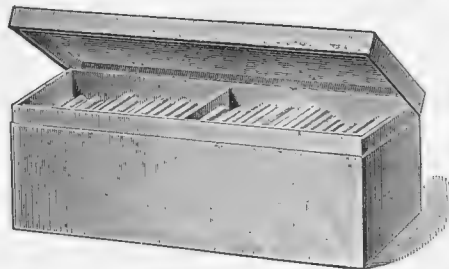
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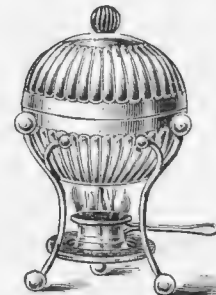
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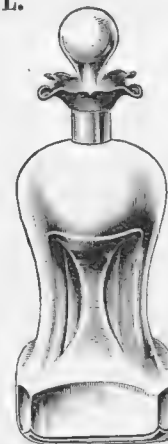


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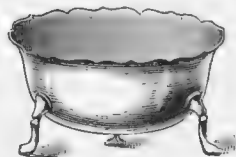
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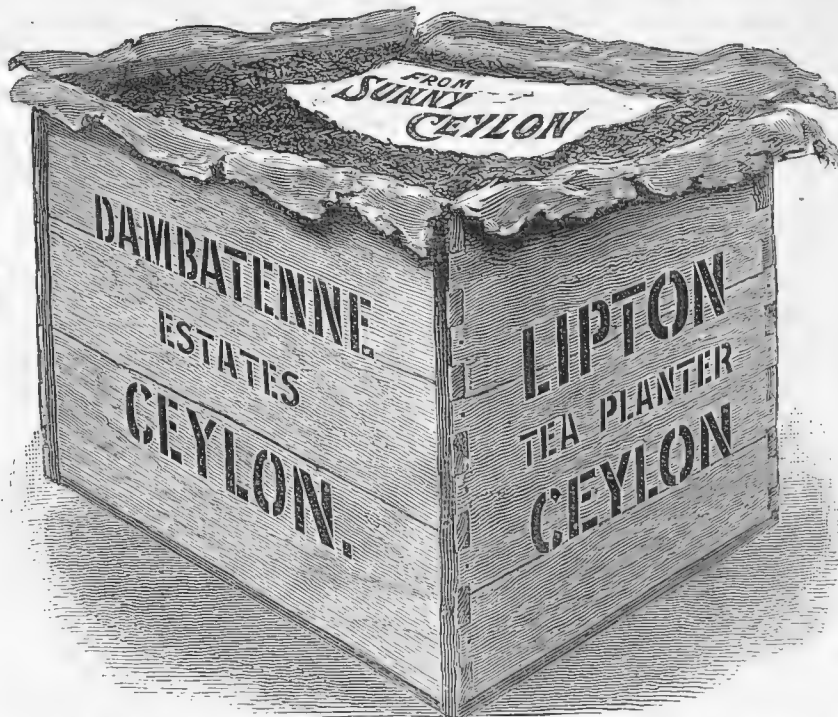
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## MR. HENRY STACY MARKS.

## ROYAL ACADEMICIAN, AUTHOR, AND LECTURER.

It is nearly forty years since Mr. Marks's first picture appeared on the Academy walls and he was recognised as a talented artist. He has recently come before us as an author and lecturer.

He was born in Great Portland Street, London, in 1829, and was educated at a private school. He has always resided in London; indeed, with the exception of five months spent in Paris, he has only been absent from the Metropolis for short periods. Those who aver that



Photo by W. Mudford, Fove Street, Tiverton.

MR. HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.

London air is injurious to people of artistic temperament will find that Mr. Marks's career is a standing contradiction to their theory. He studied drawing at an art school in Newman Street, kept by a Mr. Leigh, a former friend of Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray. As a boy he displayed considerable partiality for drawing, yet it was decided he should enter the family business of coach-building, though, to a young man with decidedly artistic tastes, the ordinary routine of business life must have been irksome to a painful degree. He must have been only too conscious of the fact that it offered no scope for the originality of his mind and inventive faculties. His future hopes did not centre round a "business"; his visions of greatness were connected with an artist's life. He gave up his evenings to his favourite study, and in 1851 tried for a studentship at the Academy, and was successful. Looking back on his first artistic efforts, Mr. Stacy Marks fails to see any special promise in them; but the uniform modesty with which he regards his own work makes him a severe judge. It is more than probable that, even in his youth, he aimed at a high standard of excellence which prevented his being satisfied with mediocre work. In 1852 his friend, Mr. Calderon, advised him to study in Paris. It was not an easy matter in those days of studentship for Mr. Marks to obtain the necessary funds, but he accomplished the feat, and started for the French capital. There he studied for five months in the *atelier* of M. Picot. Those five months brought a fund of new experiences to the clever young artist; the novelty of the life, the pleasures and rewards, compensated for attendant hardships, and his quiet sense of humour brought him many a light-hearted moment. His time in Paris infused new spirit into his work, and, in consequence, he very soon produced the picture of Dogberry examining Conrade and Borachio, and struck out into his well-known quaint and characteristic style of treating subjects. This picture was well placed at the Academy, and was sold, two events which brought with them a pleasant sense of success—that golden incentive to further good work. From that time he has been a constant exhibitor at the

Academy. All his pictures have maintained his name for originality, and have contained a pleasing undercurrent of humour. His picturesque and shrewd-looking old men have a distinct charm of their own. It was not till some years later that his love for birds led him to make them a separate study; a study that has given him a unique position as artist "bird fancier." He has studied them from life at the Zoo, and has amusing recollections of the animals, and the visitors. His birds are not simply feathered bipeds, but impress us with the idea that they are intelligent fellow mortals—as, for example, in "Chairman of Committee," exhibited at the Academy in 1891. The fact that he has not exhibited more pictures at the Academy is partly due to the decorative work which has occupied a considerable portion of his time. Twelve panels of birds in one of the smaller drawing-rooms at Eaton, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, have been painted by Mr. Marks; and for the town house of Mr. Stewart Hodgson, in South Audley Street, he has painted a series of lunettes of flamingoes, pelicans, storks, &c.

Besides accomplishing so much artistic work, he for some time contributed articles to the *Spectator*, and was also art critic for the same journal. He was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1871, an Associate of the Water-Colour Society in March of the same year, and, in December 1878, was elected Royal Academician. E. B. H.

## MR. MARKS ON THE EDITORIAL PARASITE.

In his delightful book "Pen and Pencil Sketches" (Chatto and Windus) Mr. Marks gives a very candid opinion on the subject of art-editors and their weakness for reproducing the works of artists. He evidently does not know that every art-editor receives numbers of applications from struggling artists to reproduce their pictures for nothing, and that there are any number of cases of pictures being sold all over the world through the first appearance of a representation of them in one or other of the illustrated journals. However, we like to let everyone speak for himself, and here is what Mr. Marks has to say. The "logical, well-written pamphlet" to which he refers was usually attributed to him.

Every creature has a parasite—the artist has several, and must endure the attacks of hundreds, among other delights of returning spring. The proprietors of journals, of which some are of established reputation, and others not yet known to fame, are now athirst for artistic news, and request information about the pictures you are painting, and to what exhibition you intend to send them. Unlike the autograph-hunter, who apologises for taking up "your valuable time," these gentlemen think your time of no value whatever. Applications come from all parts of the kingdom. The task of answering each one would necessitate the services of a secretary, but the greater proportion find a facile route to the fire or the waste-paper basket. Other editors, less modest, ask for a drawing or sketch of your productions for his periodical, or at least a photograph, to be reproduced therein. Mr. H. Blackburn was the first to start an illustrated catalogue of contemporary pictures in this country, and has now a host of imitators. The first part of "Academy Notes" appeared in 1875, and was adorned by slight sketches, chiefly made by the artists themselves, of their pictures. These sketches were sufficient to recall to the memory the original works, without in any way competing with their interest. They were mere memoranda, and in no way facsimiles. As time went on, the sketches became gradually ousted, and were supplanted by photography. The imitators soon saw their opportunity—the game was amusing and remunerative, for the simple artist asked nothing for copyright. Journals and catalogues illustrated with reproductions by mechanical process increased and multiplied by the score, until matters got to such a pitch that in 1892 no less than three papers with several pages of illustrations of some of the principal works then hanging on the Academy walls were published on the evening preceding the private view, or three days before the public was admitted to the Exhibition! It must be evident that the interest of the Exhibition to the general public must have been considerably forestalled by this action.

But other ills arise from the wholesale reproduction of pictures during exhibition. A logical, well-written pamphlet appeared last year while the Academy was open, with the title "A Letter to Artists from an Artist." It bears no name of printer or publisher, and I have not been able to discover the author. . . . I cannot resist quoting a few gems of common sense—

"Few works of even the highest excellence are sold in an exhibition after the first flush of novelty has passed away. It is only those well acquainted with the picture-buying and selling world who thoroughly understand the difficulty of selling even a very attractive work in any exhibition after the first few weeks have passed; but how much is this difficulty augmented to-day, owing to the catalogues and illustrated papers, since the public, even those who have not visited the exhibition, have already been confronted by so many reproductions of it, that, as they open each new paper, they do not even care to examine what they already know so well.

"The publishers' theory of 'advertising' the artist and his works is not a very pleasant one for the artist to contemplate, though, no doubt, those who bring it forward do so in perfect good faith; but it is necessary to expose its fallacy. The very first principle of advertisement surely must be to excite interest in any particular ware that the advertiser has for sale, so as to increase the demand for it. In the case of a new play, an opera, a book, a piece of music, or, in fact, anything except the work of the simple artist, great care is taken to excite this interest without in any way compromising the valuable quality of novelty. What would Mr. Gilbert or Sir Arthur Sullivan say if some enterprising editor were to ask them, on the eve of the production of an opera, to let him have proof of the music and the score, as he was anxious to print them in full in an early edition or 'a special supplement' of his paper? And yet he would be asking no more than the artist so easily grants. It is true that the colour and actual material is wanting, but so also would be the scenery, the singing, the acting, and the pretty faces and costumes. In point of fact, there would be more left out in the case of an opera than in that of a picture; but we all know that the editor's request would be received with shouts of laughter. . . ."

The writer suggests the following remedies for protecting the artist's interests:

In the first place, to rigorously exclude the *facsimile* reproduction of his work from all illustrated catalogues, and return to the pen, pencil, or charcoal sketch, so excellent as a mere memorandum of his work, and in itself so absolutely safe.

In the next place, to meet with a steady refusal all requests to have his works reproduced by *facsimile* process in any illustrated periodical, or any publication whatever; or if, after due consideration, he finds that he can afford to lend his work for that purpose, at least to prohibit its publication till *after the close of the Exhibitions*.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

Next Saturday the first round of the Association Cup-ties will be played. This marks perhaps the most important day of all the football year. It means that all the clubs who have won the premiership of their respective divisions, together with all the crack teams that have escaped the qualifying competition, will begin the great tournament of which the final tie for the Association Cup is the fitting climax. It may then be taken that the thirty-two clubs engaged next Saturday represent the high-water mark of Association football in England.

Where clubs are anything like evenly matched, the advantage of ground—that is, playing on one's own pitch before sympathetic spectators—is always enough to turn the scale of victory in favour of the home club. In the sixteen cup-ties to be played next Saturday the chances are that something like a dozen of the home teams will be found on the winning side. I have always advocated that it is unfair, in a cup-tie, to give any club the advantage of ground. It is, of course, the mere luck of the ballot, but in football, as in most other games, there is quite sufficient luck in the game itself, without dragging in the fortunes of the ballot-box. In the qualifying competition it may be impracticable to play all the ties on neutral ground, but in the competition proper no club should be given any advantage over the other. As I have said, I expect very few of the visiting clubs to win their matches. A strong team like Everton, however, should have no great difficulty in snatching a victory from the Central at Southport, while Notts Forest are almost equally sure of beating St. Mary's at Southampton; and I take it that, with anything like equal luck, Preston North End will win their tie at Luton. These are, however, the only three matches out of sixteen where the visiting clubs stand a strong chance of winning.

In several cases the cup-ties will be practically a walk-over for the home side. Take Fairfield, for instance. This club has an excellent record in the Lancashire League; and in its own class is capable of playing a fine game, but no one, of course, for a moment expects that it has the slightest chance of beating Sunderland at home. Again, Millwall Athletic, the leaders of the Southern League, are asked to defeat the United at Sheffield. This is too tall an order. On their own ground Millwall would have stood something like an even chance, but at Sheffield the chances are at least five to one against them. Perhaps the only Southern club that has half a chance of entering the next round is Woolwich Arsenal. The Plumstead men, however, although occupying a good position in the Second Division of the League, are not quite at their best. Still, they will make a determined effort to win, and, if they can make a draw, that will be enough, for they are pretty sure of beating the Wanderers in any game played at Plumstead.

I am afraid Derby County, that most unlucky of clubs, will bid farewell to the Cup after meeting Aston Villa at Birmingham. The chances, too, of Notts County, the present Cup-holders, are not very bright. They are asked to defeat the Wednesday club at Sheffield, and, although they are excellent cup-tie fighters, their form this season hardly warrants the hope that they will go higher. At Darwen, the Wolverhampton Wanderers will probably make a great effort to beat the Second Division Club, and to go further in the competition, which they won outright two years ago. Among the clubs which seem evenly matched, I would place Small Heath and West Bromwich Albion.

We may see another close match between Newton Heath and Stoke on the ground of the former, while Middlesborough and Long Eaton Rangers are as well matched as may be. Burnley, if at all up to form, should beat Newcastle United; and Bury, on their own ground, should have little difficulty with Leicester Fosse. It goes without saying that a club with the reputation of Blackburn Rovers will pass safely into the next round after meeting Burton Wanderers. The Rovers have won the Association Cup oftener than any other club, and it will surprise no one if they at least reach the final stage of the competition this season.

England plays her international Rugby match against Ireland at Dublin next Saturday. Until last season, when England were defeated at Blackheath, Irish Rugby football was not taken very seriously by England. There can be no question, however, that England received a very salutary lesson last year, and one which the Rugby Union has thoroughly taken to heart. I suppose we always knew, in a vague sort of way, that no team can hope to do much without a set of first-class forwards, but it was left for the Irishmen to demonstrate that a grand set of scrummagers, with moderate backs, will beat moderate scrummagers with first-class backs. Thus it is that the Rugby Union—wisely, too, I think—selected a team composed of strong, dashing forwards, playing in one style. For some years past all the cry has been to secure several heavy Yorkshire forwards for our international teams. The advice would, no doubt, be good if it were possible to secure eight first-class Yorkshire forwards; but it has been proved, in our last season's international matches, that a mixed set of scrummagers with different styles are not at all effective.

It is generally agreed that Ireland has secured a very fine fifteen. The three-quarters are said to be the best that have ever played for Ireland, while the half-backs, although not of the highest class, are, probably, nearly as good as the English pair. Ireland will again rely chiefly upon her forwards. Only Johnson and Clinch, out of the eight, have met with any opposition, and it seems to Englishmen, at any rate, a pity that Forrest, the old International captain, who led his team to

victory last year, should not again get his cap. He has not been playing a great deal this season, but he assisted Richmond recently, and, along with Bromet, played a great game. Although Ireland is playing at home in this match, I am inclined to think that England will be too strong for her. It is doubtful whether the Rose has been better represented for years.

In these days a victory of the Richmond club over the London Scottish is such a rare event that it seems worthy of being placed on record. In the recent match at Richmond, when the home club won by six points to five, the game was won by the superiority of the Richmond forwards. They had some outside assistance, and they fairly swamped the Scottish scrummagers.

## CRICKET.

I suppose the eyes of England will be turned to Sydney next Friday, when the fourth test match between England and Australia will be commenced. Although England was badly beaten in the last match, they can still enter on the coming one with confidence, as they have won two out of three already played. Another point in favour of England is that prior to this match they have had a good long rest, and ought to start on their big journey comparatively fresh. I have no doubt the Australian eleven will contain at least nine of the men who did so well in the last match, and with, perhaps, the inclusion of Turner and Lyons, or Coningham, it will be stronger than ever. Mr. Stoddart has, of course, only thirteen men to select from, and the chances are that he will again leave out Mr. Gay and Humphreys. In the first of the test matches I am told that Mr. Gay's wicket-keeping was not at all good. He is said to have missed at least six palpable chances, and, although his batting is good, a safe man behind the sticks is worth far more runs to his side than Mr. Gay is likely to score.

## LAWN TENNIS.

The annual general meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association, to be held this evening, will be important in many respects. The retirement of Mr. Herbert Chipp, the honorary secretary, will be a great loss to the Association. During the past seven years no one has worked harder, or to more purpose, than Mr. Chipp. In addition to appointing a successor to Mr. Chipp, there are the reports of several committees to consider. Perhaps the most important point to be discussed will be the proposal, in substitution for Laws 16 and 17, "That in the course of a rest all balls touching the net, passing over it, and remaining in play shall be reckoned as 'lets,' and the rest shall be replayed whether the ball be returned after touching the net or not." I hear that the inter-club competition, which has been a failure, will not be revived this year.

## CURLING.

The curler doesn't often get his fancy gratified, for our winters are not sufficiently severe to give him a spell of his favourite game. During the recent frost, however, he got some sport. On Jan. 12, Mr. J. C. Burns, of Wemyss Bay, carried off the President's Cup in a match played on the pond of the Skelmorlie Eglinton Curling Club. An exciting point in the progress of the game is shown in the accompanying photograph. Curling, it is needless to say, is a game of the hoariest antiquity. Will it penetrate this southern region in the same frenzied fashion as its twin, golf, has done?

OLYMPIAN.



Photo by Miss Burns of Castle Wemyss.

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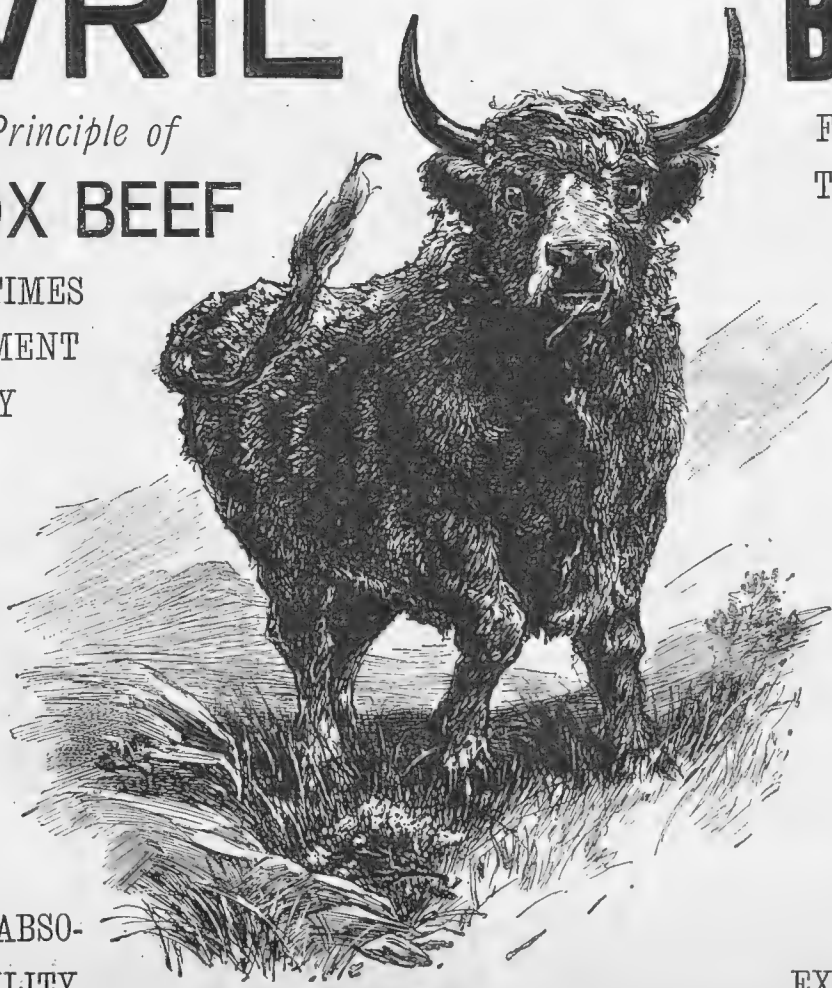
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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Extremes do certainly meet, and that very often; and so it came to pass that, on one of the worst days of this very badly behaved month, I was one moment in disgusted contemplation of rivers of mud under foot, and forests of dripping umbrellas above, with interspersed glimpses of bedraggled and waterproofed figures, and the next was lost in admiration of a gown which brought some brightness even into that wettest and dullest of January days. Imagine it, if you can—a skirt, absolutely plain and, even in these days of full skirts, exceptionally full, composed



of turquoise-blue satin, and a bodice of serpentine chiffon of the same delicate hue, the fulness caught into a deep corselet-belt of mirror velvet in a shade of pinkish-mauve, overlaid with creamy-hued lace, which boasted of two delightful enamel and diamond-edged buttons, and was outlined at the top with a narrow border of dark-hued fur. There were bretelles of lace-covered velvet, fur-bordered, and a touch of fur finished the collar, while the great, puffed elbow-sleeves were of the chiffon. And then came the cape, a thing of beauty, and of satin and (plain) chiffon, the latter fabric being arranged in ruffles and frills, which bordered the enormously full double cape, and composed the ruffled collar, round which were set sundry full-blown pink roses. There was a high inner collar of the velvet, edged with fur, which was continued into pointed revers, over which fell frilled scarves of the chiffon and trails of roses, the cape opening in front to disclose a fascinating glimpse of the glories of the bodice beneath, and the cluster of waxen-white gardenias and dark-purple violets tucked into the corselet-belt. Crowning all was a hat, fashioned of white chenille as to the brim, and green velvet as to the crown, and trimmed with filmy folds of black gauze, a black osprey, and roses shading from deep rich crimson to the most tender shade of pink. If ever a gown deserved the well-worn title of a dream of beauty, it was this, the latest production of the Maison Jay, which is destined for the adornment of a Society beauty when she exchanges the evils of this English climate for the sunshine of Monte Carlo.

Another most successful creation for the same wearer was an absolutely perfect little coat of dark-blue cloth, full-skirted, and with loose fronts, having, too, a deep collar and revers of black mirror moiré,

edged narrowly with white satin, and opening over a vest of tea-rose-yellow chiffon, the collar itself, of turquoise-blue satin ribbon, tying at the back in the smartest of bows, and having at each side in front a rosette of white chiffon, with cravat ends bordered with the most minute lace edging. Truly, such garments were calculated to make one think for the moment that the winter was a thing of the past, and the summer a glorious and present reality, though a peep through the doors of this Temple of Fashion speedily dispelled the illusion.

But there were other lovely gowns for present wear at various smart London functions, and chief among them was one which had a skirt—full, and hanging to perfection—of white satin, brocaded with a curious and effective lace-like design, entwined with sprays of flowers. The full chiffon bodice, which had elbow-sleeves of goodly proportions, was held in at the waist by a tightly folded band of white satin, drawn slightly downwards in front, where it was fastened with two diamond wheel buttons, three others scintillating and flashing on the satin collar, from which, both at the back and in the front, was arranged a deep, straightly hanging fall of mellow-tinted lace. To complete the effect, a narrow double line of dark fur passed down the sides of the bodice in front. Another white brocade skirt had a bodice with full sleeves of the same material, finished at the waist with a tiny turned-back cuff, while the front of the bodice was entirely covered by a V-shaped arrangement of turquoise-blue velvet, sewn with tiny gold sequins and jet beads, and outlined with a star-like border of handsome jet cabochons, which appeared again on the collar, with its great triple bow behind the neck. At the back, the embroidered velvet formed a square, outlined with gold sequins, and edged with a deep frill of black accordion-pleated chiffon, which was continued over the shoulders and tapered to a point at the waist, which, by the way, was encircled by a narrow band of black satin ribbon tied in a bow at the back. For those who appreciate daring originality, this dress is all that could be desired, but those folks with more ordinary tastes would inevitably fall



in love with a gown which, with an absolutely plain skirt of black velvet, had a bodice veiled with black chiffon, held in at the back by narrow bands of white satin ribbon, sewn with steel paillettes, and converging to a point at the waist; while in the front there were two bands, crossed beneath the yoke, trellis fashion, by a third. The yoke itself was of



white satin, ornamented with an appliqué design of butterflies in black lace, sparkling with steel sequins, the sleeves—a notable feature, which must by no means be forgotten—being of black glacé, with a brocaded design of tiny conventional leaves, very full at the top and tight-fitting at the waist, the small and graceful petal-shaped cuffs falling well over the hands, and being tied in by bands of the satin ribbon, finished with a diminutive bow. A satin skirt, with an appliqué design of butterflies, could be made with this bodice for those who preferred it to the velvet, though, personally, I think that the rich, unadorned beauty of the latter fabric is distinctly to be desired, even above the sheeny loveliness of the satin.

Butterflies fashioned of black lace again appeared in appliqué form on the white satin yoke of another bodice, which in this case was of velvet, matching a Neapolitan violet in hue. It was made with two broad box-pleats in front, divided by a series of fine tucks—the back being simply tucked—and was worn with a black satin skirt. Could the heart of woman desire anything more beautiful in the way of gowns? It was a genuine pleasure even to look upon them, and how much more would it be to possess one!

After the glories of these distinctly frivolous garments, it came upon me as rather a shock to catch a glimpse, just as I was making my retreat, of one of the sombre gowns for the widowed Lady Randolph Churchill. It was composed entirely of crape, the absolute simplicity entirely unrelieved save by the tiny white collar and cuffs. For the funeral ceremony she had a little Marie Stuart bonnet, from which fell at the back a long pointed veil of crape, while the face was covered by a wide crape veil which fell to the bottom of the skirt. This is one more sign to be added to the many which have now proved conclusively that the revival of the extensive use of crape is an accomplished fact. Personally, I am glad, for it seems to me to be a seemly thing that those in sorrow should adopt an absolutely distinctive garb and fabric which sets them apart from all others, and surely there is some sad sort of satisfaction in thus showing our respect to our dead.

But now, to change from grave to gay again, let me introduce you to a charming fancy dress which has just been made for a Mrs. Wyndham by dainty Miss Mary Moore's dressmaker, Madame Eroom. It struck me as being so particularly pretty, and withal, adaptable, that it was worth illustrating, and now let me recite its manifold charms to you. It was of white satin brocaded with a quaint old-fashioned design, train, skirt and panniers being lined with rose-pink silk, which gave it a curiously beautiful effect. I love these panniers, and I firmly believe that they will soon be the natural outcome of the increasing fulness of the skirts—these particular ones were specially full, and formed an effective contrast to the plain bodice, which was cut in a square, absolutely unrelieved by any trimming, a style which necessitates the neck and bust of the wearer being almost, if not quite, faultless. There was a little vest of satin, covered with the most exquisite embroidery in delicate pink, green and blue silk, interwoven with silver, and studded with tiny brilliants, emeralds, and turquoises, the same beautiful trimming appearing on the front of the petticoat and forming a broad strip down the centre of the Watteau train, which fell straight from the shoulders, and, being unattached to the waist, allowed the figure to be seen—a much more becoming arrangement than if made in one with the bodice. Powdered hair was worn, crowned by a picture hat of black velvet, adorned with delicate pink ostrich feathers, and though, of course, this particular dress was very elaborate, it could be copied in simpler fabrics with very good effect; while, indeed, with slight modifications, it could do duty as a modern evening gown, in turn with its appearance as a "picture" dress for fancy balls. As a matter of fact, the tight sleeves, with their chiffon elbow-frills, would be the only incongruous element; and these, I must allow, do not appeal to me, after the effective and becoming, but, alas! extravagant fulness of our modern arm-coverings, which, from all that I can gather at headquarters, are likely to go on increasing in the most alarming manner, a remark which also applies to the skirts; so there is no telling how many yards may not soon be covered by the term of a "dress-length"—prices, of course, being correspondingly increased. While I was looking at the fancy-dress costume, from which we have managed to stray considerably, I saw a very dainty high evening bodice for Miss Mary Moore, which was of turquoise-blue silk, veiled with mauve chiffon, and trimmed with creamy old lace, the sleeves being of blue and pink mirror silk, while an evening cloak for the same charming personage was of yellow and white brocade, with yoke and sleeves of yellow satin, and high roll collar and stole fronts of white Thibet goat-fur, the effectively contrasting lining being of pale-pink satin. While on the subject of cloaks, I have one for you which was worn the other week at Brighton by a well-known actress, and which is smart enough to serve as a model for those of you who are thinking of investing in one of these most cosily comfortable and, withal, useful garments. This one was made in green velvet, the pointed cape of caracule, trimmed with fringes of jet; but, of course, you could choose any material which suited your taste and purse, and which would allow of the cloak being worn both for day and evening. So much for this week's fashions, though, in the course of the next few days, I shall hope to have persuaded Dame Fashion to reveal some of the plans for her spring campaign.

FLORENCE.

At the Savage Club, on Saturday, Mr. Alderman Treloar, the chairman for the evening, entertained the Lord Mayor and his two sons, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Samuel, Mr. Sheriff Hand, Sir Stuart Knill, Sir Walter Wilkin, Mr. Alderman Vaughan Morgan, Sir E. Clarke, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Bayard (the American Ambassador), Mr. H. M. Stanley, Mr. A. Diosy, and Mr. J. M. Cook.

## "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL" REVIVED.

The Irving Amateur Dramatic Club has, before now, deserved well of the student of the "legitimate" drama by its careful revivals of some of the less popular of Shakspeare's plays. "Love's Labour's Lost," "Cymbeline," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Tempest," and "Henry IV., Part I.," have all, in turn, been rescued for a brief space from the banishment to which the present taste of the playgoing public so unworthily condemns them. "All's Well That Ends Well," the club's latest revival at the St. George's Hall, has long been one of the most neglected plays. It has not been seen on the London stage since 1852, when Phelps played Parolles at Sadler's Wells. The play was even then something of a curiosity, though it had previously commended itself to Garrick, who cast Woodward for Parolles, and to John Kemble, who played Bertram to the Helena of Mrs. Jordan. Charles Kemble also revived the play. For last week's performances the text was judiciously arranged by Mr. Charles Fry. Miss Olive Kennett proved a graceful and effective Helena, Mr. Patrick Munro played with distinction as Bertram, and Mr. Lewin-Mannering gave a clever performance as Parolles. The *ensemble* was most praiseworthy, the scene of the humiliation of the braggart Parolles being particularly spirited.

A most amusing book to teach children vocal music has just been issued by versatile Mr. A. H. Miles, under the title of "The Land of Song" (Ward, Lock, and Bowden). The land, he says, is peopled by a "Family of Note," whose members are "poor old Gaffer Breve, who is so slow that he counts eight each time he moves; Daddy Semibreve; Father Minim, counting two each time he lifts his foot; Brother Crotchet, the soldier; Brother Quaver; the little rascal Semiquaver; and the little baby with the long pet name Demisemiquaver." This will give an idea of Mr. Miles's method in this cheap, well-printed book, which might be called "Music with Smiles," and stand side by side with "Reading without Tears." The humorous sketches which illustrate the book ought to impress the facts with ease and enjoyment to juveniles.

The Borough of Oldham has received a munificent gift from Mr. Hilton Greaves, in the shape of a diamond chain and badge for the use of the Mayoress. This treasure, which is the work of Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Manchester, consists of a handsome gold chain, in the centre link of which is a fine enamel portrait of the Queen, surrounded by a border of fine diamonds, and surmounted by an imperial crown, also in diamonds. From the centre depends a shield-shaped badge, bearing the arms of Oldham in proper heraldic colours.

Diaries are like good resolutions, because they are not always kept. We haven't seen the end of January, yet how many diaries begun on New Year's Day have ceased to be used? This wouldn't be so frequently the case if the Automatic Self-Registering Diary of Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes was used. Its pencil is stuck in at the page last written, and its presence should always keep the owner up to the mark. To the conscientious diary-writer it is equally useful, by always showing him where he made his latest entry.

The eternal problem of the silk hat is not allowed to haunt the masculine mind for lack of suggested remedies. The latest is to be found in "Taklis." The word may seem as mystic as Mesopotamia itself, but, of course, is nothing more than a "silk 'at," pronounced Cockney-fashion, and appropriately so, since the Londoner is the great devotee of the topper. "Taklis" is a pink-coloured substance like vaseline. You rub a little on the palm of your hand, then on a velvet pad, which, applied to the hat, makes it shine with a brilliancy that Captain Coddington himself couldn't emulate.

ADA: "I don't believe in short engagements. Marry in haste, you know, and repent at leisure."

IDA:—"Yes; but in long engagements, the leisure may come before the ceremony, and the repentance may be on the wrong side."—Puck.



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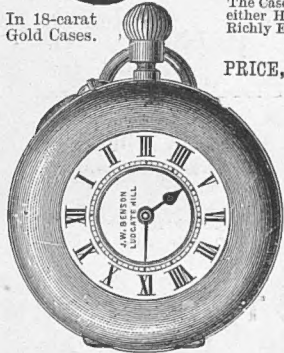
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THE

*English Illustrated Magazine*

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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## HOW THE ALHAMBRA WAS SHUT.

BY EMILY SOLDENE.

Is it not strange how some events are fixed in the memory—silhouetted, sharp, distinct, like one of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's "Latest Latitudes"? On the morning of the second day of September, 1870, I was walking from Waterloo Station to the Strand. It was cold and wet, and dreary

and dark, except when the gusty wind blew for a moment the heavy clouds aside. The rain drifted over the bridge, and beat in one's face, and violently inquisitive and chilly zephyrs played sad havoc with one's skirts. But from an illustrative point that was not so bad, for those were the first days of eighteen-button boots and Louis Quatorze heels, and the more Quatorze they were the better one liked it. These highly superior "tootsicum fixin's" kept your petticoats immaculate; naturally, one lifted them quite clear of every puddle. Standing at the corner of York Street on a particularly blowy and wet day is not an especially precious privilege, but that is what I did—stayed there by an impression that the world had suddenly come to an end, brought swiftly up to the check by a *Daily Telegraph* announcement—

board: "Fall of Sedan—The Emperor a Prisoner." Never shall I forget the shock; to me it was a tragedy; I had a feeling of personal misfortune. And while I stood, "pouf" came the Waterloo Road cyclone, and gathered up the board and bashed it against the railings, and dashed it on the ground, and twisted and twirled it round and round, finally landing it in the gutter. It was all dreadful. I myself was just then clothed (mentally) in a garment of soft melancholy. The Lyceum season was over, and I was "resting." A community of misfortune may perhaps explain my active sympathy with the fallen Cæsar. About this time Mr. Charles Head had acquired the Philharmonic Music Hall, Islington, locally known by the odoriferous title of "The Dustbin."

Mr. Charles Morton, of "The Royal Academy over the water" and Oxford fame, was to manage it, and that experienced *entrepreneur*, with his usual up-to-date and go-ahead propensities in full working order, considered that condensed versions of comic operas, produced and played under the direction of Miss Emily Soldene, would be attractive—an opinion fully shared by that aspiring young person. The dirty old Phil evolved into a bright, gay little theatre, with private boxes, blue satin curtains, and a magnificent bar extending the whole length of the outside corridor.

Our first operative venture was "Chilperic" in twenty-five minutes, condensed by Mr. W. Vandervell. Miss Charlotte Russell, the popular *prima donna* of the Canterbury and Oxford at one time, played Fredegonda to my Chilperic. We had the dresses made in the theatre, and economy of material was a real feature, especially when cutting out the trunks of the pages and the skirts of the ballet. There was a dressmaker who helped with the costumes in quite the most clever manner. The name of this dressmaker was Miss Price then; it is Madame Alias now. The new "Phil" was a success.

In "Chilperic," an interesting young lady made her *début* as an actress, playing Brunehaut. She was pretty and had a neat figure; her stage-name was Miss Clara Vesey—my own and only sister. From the first moment of going into management, recognising the attractive force of female beauty, I surrounded myself with the best-looking and best set-up girls that could possibly be found. I selected my chorus from the ballet. The result—a minimum of voice, perhaps, but certainly a maximum of good looks and grace. Nobody ever saw my chorus still, immovable, wooden—no, they felt the music, were full of life, and, like a blooded horse, were anxious for a start. Then they understood how to "make up," which is an art and not an accident. During these first Philharmonic days Mr. and Mrs. Head gave an evening party at their private residence. Among the company was a distinguished-looking gentleman, of a most charming and affable turn—would do anything to amuse or oblige. Just when I arrived he was delighting everybody with a recitation. "And four-and-twenty happy boys came bounding out of school," quoth he, with a mannerism which I much admired. "Who is it?" said I to a friend. "Don't you know?" said he. I shook my head. After a few minutes our host brought the gentleman up: "Let me introduce Mr. Irving."

At Easter, 1871, we played a condensed "Grand Duchess," and an original burlesque, "Nightingale's Wooing," by Frank Arlon and Arthur Rushton—the *noms de théâtre* of A. D. Dowty and John Plummer;

the music original, and selected by W. C. Levey, of Drury Lane Theatre; the scenery by Mr. Calcott, the dresses by Mr. Augustus Harris, the piece rehearsed by Mr. George Honey. P. W. Halton was the conductor, and there was a big ballet led by the Sisters Smithers. Miss Clara Vesey played Princess Rosebud in a much-abbreviated and nothing-to-speak-of skirt, but this was compensated for by the length of her train—a transparent one. Miss Hetty Tracy, of the Vaudeville Theatre, was Prince Nightingale. Mr. Levey had written a delightful ballad, to be sung by the Prince, off the stage, previous to his first entrance—a sort of *avant courier*. At the general rehearsal the Prince was physically lovely, and in those classic gems, "If ever I cease to love," and "After the opera is over," vocally perfection, but came a cropper at the ballad. Dear Mr. Levey was in despair; so much depended on the ballad. What was to be done? "I will sing it," said I, leaping into the gulf like another Curtius. "No one will ever know." The night came, and her Serene Highness La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein, in her robes of state, stood in the seclusion of the fourth entrance, O.P. side, and sang it. Splendid success, big encore. "Go on," said the stage-manager to the Prince, and the Prince went on, and got an ovation. Next morning gushing notices: "No idea Miss So-and-so had such a lovely voice. Must come off out of burlesque at once." They set her up side of Patti. That song was "cut" after the first night.

A month or two before this I had made a grand *coup* at the Alhambra. "The Colonna Quadrille" was being danced by Madame Colonna, two ballerine, and a wispy slip of a girl—Sarah Wright, a pupil of Madame Louise, and the daughter of an old waiter of Mr. Morton's. Sarah was the sensation of the performance. The verb "to kick" had not been so actively conjugated then, and the saltatory eccentricities of the ladies were of so surprising and elevated a nature (they did everything with their feet except put them on the floor) that their worship the Middlesex magistrates were "Quite shocked, don't you know!" So they took away the licence, shut up the Alhambra, and about four hundred people were thrown out of employment. This was my opportunity; I at once engaged the Colonna Troupe, and introduced the dance into the opera. Subsequently the quartette was reconstructed, and we put on "The Parisian Quadrille," and boomed it with a mighty boom. It was danced by "Mdle. Sara"—Madame Sara Bernhardt, the New Woman of that period, had just begun to shake the artistic world, so I named my *première danseuse* after her—Miss Gerrish, who afterwards became "the first Madame Marius," Miss White, and Miss Lily Wilford. The "Mdle. Sara"—who had shorter skirts and longer legs than most girls, to the great delight and satisfaction of herself and all London—kicked up her agile heels a little higher than had previously been deemed possible, and was equally successful in dusting the floor with her back hair. Goodness knows what awful suffering was endured by the Middlesex magistrates;

Mdle. Sara.



Miss Gerrish.

Miss White.

Miss Lily Wilford.

THE PARISIAN QUADRILLE.

for, while the Alhambra languished in outer and inner darkness, making Leicester Square a hideous, howling wilderness, filled with the sighs of the unemployed four hundred, up at the "Little Phil," in Merrie Islington, safe under the shield of the Lord Chamberlain's licence, that wicked, wicked dance was danced every night. The theatre was crammed, and "Wiry Sal" was the toast of the London clubs.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Jan. 26, 1895.

The approach of the Settlement has, towards the end of the week, considerably reduced the volume of business. The reserve of the Bank of England shows large additional strength, and before the end of next month we may expect to see the total reach something over £30,000,000.

Everybody is talking about the removal of company winding-up business from Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, which, it is an open secret, is to be brought about because he was too stiff-necked in a famous case not unconnected with a former President of the Board of Trade. We suppose that, nowadays, even a judge must, to get on, truckle to the chosen representatives of the people; but it is a perfect scandal that, when Mr. Justice Williams has brought the company's winding-up into something like order, he should be removed, because he refused to be dictated to in a case of national importance, and we sincerely hope the learned judge will, in his usual frank and fearless manner, explain to the public the true cause of the change, which every investor must sincerely regret.

The feature of the week has been that Consols, after touching 106, have sharply dropped back upon realisations. It is quite likely that we may see further improvements, but the shake-out will have done good, if only as a warning. To whatever level Consols attain, it is quite clear that the moment there is any sign of strength in the money market, we must expect heavy realisations, for it is only the utter impossibility of making use of loanable capital which has pushed prices up to their present level.

The Home Railway dividends are, on the whole, satisfactory, so far as they have gone, but the market is awaiting the heavy distributions with some anxiety. On the basis of this year's declarations, we find the investor, at present prices, gets about £3 17s. 6d. on Brighton A, £3 11s. on North-Eastern Consols, £3 9s. on Lancashire and Yorkshire, £3 2s. 6d. on South-Western Ordinary, and £3 1s. on South-Eastern Ordinary, and, apart from Brighton A, which, being a deferred stock, is open to more risk of fluctuation than in the other cases, we prefer, for investment purposes, North-Eastern Consols to any of the other stocks.

Once more an attempt is being made to rig East London stock, and the country is flooded with telegrams and touting letters recommending its purchase. Now, dear Sir, what are the facts? The line is five and three-quarter miles long, and is leased in perpetuity to six of the larger companies, at a rental which gives the East London Company 56 per cent. of the receipts, and a guaranteed minimum of £30,000. The guarantee is never earned, and there are £1,500,000 of prior charges which do not get any interest before the £3,240,000 of ordinary stock is even in sight of anything. To pay the whole of the charges an income of £90,000 a-year is required, and there is not the smallest prospect of any such figure (or, in fact, more than one-third of it) being reached in this generation, besides which, the lease is in perpetuity, and the company is bound hand-and-foot to the lessors. Whatever merit the ordinary stock may have as a gambling counter—and even for this purpose we see very little—it has, except for voting purposes, no intrinsic value, and the wise man will leave all dealings in it to the bucket-shop keepers and their victims.

The currency crisis in America is getting so acute that some drastic measure is sure to be taken shortly, for the gold shipments exceeded £2,000,000 this week, and the stock in the Treasury has been reduced to something under £60,000,000. Nothing but a good dose of "gold premium" will put matters right, and the sooner our friends on the other side of the Atlantic begin to take their medicine, the better will it be for everybody. There will be another gold loan, of course, but such measures are mere stop-gaps, like pouring water into a bath with the waste-pipe open. It is probable that the Reading reorganisation will break down and end in foreclosure, while even the Atchison position is not being improved by the long delay in producing the promised scheme.

During the past week there has been a decided set-back in the mining market, but Continental buying always comes to the rescue the moment there is anything like a slump. We beg you, dear Sir, to avoid these outside and valueless concerns, which are so freely puffed by the advertising outside dealers. If you will only confine your purchases to the better-class shares, which have a real value as gold-producers, you can afford to smile at the daily fluctuations of the market. Wolluthers, which we recommended last week, have risen sharply, and we believe they are splendid value for money, while your holdings, like Buffelsdoorn, Eastleigh, Glencairn, New Clewer, and the other solid concerns which we have advised from time to time, will never cause you anxiety.

Messrs. Howell and Co. ask us to say that their business is not to be turned into a company, and we hasten to acknowledge that, although the rumour which reached us was very circumstantial, it was only a rumour, and probably arose from the fact that a large Swansea business of a like kind is about to be issued.

Brewery debentures are at a great premium, and in the course of the next few days we hear a Lancashire amalgamation, not unconnected with Rochdale, is coming out. About £120,000 4½ debentures will be offered at par by the Law Debenture Corporation, and also some preference shares. We believe four per cent. has been paid for underwriting.—We are, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## THE DEBENTURE CORPORATION.

We regret to find that in "Notes from the Exchange," in our issue of Jan. 16, imputations were made on the Debenture Corporation and the manner in which its business is conducted, and upon Mr. H. Evans Broad, its vice-chairman, and his firm.

The article ought never to have been inserted, and we desire in the fullest possible manner to withdraw it, and to express our regret that any such statements as are therein contained should have been made.

We are pleased to take the earliest opportunity of giving publicity to this apology.

For the proprietors,

CHARLES L. N. INGRAM.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE PORT TALBOT RAILWAY AND DOCKS COMPANY is offering 50,000 £10 shares, and is destined to help the South Wales coal trade to a considerable extent. The scheme has great merits, not the least of which is the confidence of the local people; but, as outside investors, we should prefer to keep our money in our pockets and buy the shares when the scheme is nearer completion.

THE MAINLAND CONSOLS, LIMITED, is coming out in the course of the week with a capital of £150,000, of which £25,000 will be reserved for working purposes. The claims are the pick of the Murchison district, and we are told by practical men that of all the mining fields in Western Australia this is the best. Some amount of development work has been done, and the area of the property is thirty-seven acres.

THE RHODESIA GOLDFIELDS, LIMITED, is formed, with a capital of £1,000,000, divided into ordinary and preference shares. The board is a strong one, and its agents in South Africa are a guarantee of prudent management. There is no "plunder" about this promotion, and for those who desire a speculation upon the future of Charterland, this prospectus offers a fair run for their money.

KING SOLOMON'S GOLD MINES, LIMITED, offers 75,000 £1 shares. If it brings as much happiness to investors as Mr. Haggard's romance, after which it has been called, has done to readers, it should be prosperous.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEEKLY READER.—(1) We do not like these shares, and would not advise buying but, if you are already in, it depends on what they cost you. (2) A pure gamble. (3) Good in the long run. (4) Rubbish. (5 and 6) Same answer as in case of No. 3. (7) Rubbish.

PRIOR LIEN.—(1) The Canadian Pacific are not bound to buy, but, if things improve before next year, will probably do so. We should hold on if the bonds were our own, but it is a risk. (2) Not bad bonds. The line earns enough to pay the interest.

HIGHLANDER.—(1) We understand you want something like a gamble. Buy Londonderry shares or Eastleighs. Potchefstrooms are worth the risk you propose. (2) Have no dealings with the people you name, or anybody else who proposes to do business without making a proper charge. These sort of sharks are sure to rob you in the price they buy at or by some other dodge.

HOPEFUL.—Certainly we expect these shares to be worth far more than 32s. 6d. in the long run; buy some more, and watch the gold returns, which are considerable and improving.

VERITAS.—The Scottish Widows or the Alliance would suit you. The Equitable of the United States or the New York Life are quite safe.

JANUARY.—The County Council have given notice to purchase so much of the system as they are entitled to buy at present, and by degrees they will absorb the remainder. The price to be paid is under arbitration at present. (a) Good; (b) ditto; (c) best left alone; (d) ditto; (e) a fair industrial share.

KATY.—We hope you have got our letter. The Dunedin bonds are quite safe and pay £6 on the par value, but the price is about 124. We should not put money on deposit with the bank you mention.

MEDICO.—(1 and 2) Gambles, but not bad, especially the second. (3, 4, 5 and 6) Good shares, and, if you can afford to hold, worth buying. (7) Yes, you are entitled to the dividend, we think.

G. M.—The bank you name is one of the best reconstructed institutions, and you are pretty sure to get twenty shillings in the pound on your deposit. We do not think the bank would cease to exist if it paid the deposits in full, but, in our opinion, would be more likely to do a good business.

H. B.—If you are prepared to hold for a few months, we consider Buffelsdoorn shares a very good investment. Try Spes Bona, Wolluter, New Croesus, Eastleigh, or Clewer Estate.

"I DARE."—Nothing known about the slate quarries on this market.

ASYLUM.—We would not trust the paper you name too far. We do not know it, but send us a copy.

M. A. D.—(1) Let the people offer, and keep your money in the Bank. (2) A pure gamble, and of no intrinsic merit. There is every year at this time a gamble in these shares. (3) Fair investment. (4) We hear good accounts of this company. (5) A fair industrial share. (6) The best of the Tyre Companies. (7) Gordon Hotel preference or Home and Colonial Stores preference might suit you. (8) A fair speculation. (9) Mr. L. H. De Friese's name on this board is a guarantee of good faith, and you are sure of a run for your money.

VILLIERS.—(1) If you can pay for the shares, they are a good purchase. (2) We think well of them. (3) A gamble, but the idea in the market is that they will improve. (4) Aurora West, Abercorn, or, a little dearer, and far better, Champ d'Or Deep.

DOUBTFUL.—Nothing is known of the syndicate you mention on the Stock Exchange, but we imagine, from the name you quote, that they are quite valueless. We hope you have no money in the Typewriter Company.

J. B.—Thank you for your letter. We agree with you, and should be obliged if you could send us a copy of the list you mention. Some day the smash will come, and then we shall see what we shall see!

SPERO.—We hope you have got our letter.

W. H. H.—We don't know what day these people closed your Uruguays, but it seems to us they got a very poor price. Holcomb Valleys should be held.

"WALES LIMERICK."—Hold both bank shares. We expect no further reduction in dividend, and, when things Australian improve, there will be a considerable rise.

J. M.—We have written you as requested.